NRA U.S. CODE

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THE ANOMALY of the NRA being administered by a board headed by S. Clay Williams, whose own tobacco industry remained without a code, has finally been corrected. The delay was not due to neglect but to the skilful use of the greatest of all industrial weapons at Washington, obstruction. Even after a code had been drafted at the NRA it was mislaid at the White House, as the President admitted at one of his press conferences. When found it was altered and now provides a minimum wage of 25 cents an hour for a forty-hour week for unskilled labor. Armin W. Riley, NRA division administrator, proposed a 35-cent minimum and a thirty-six-hour week. A study of the industry is to be undertaken by the Division of Research and Planning, whose report on the automobile industry is a memorable chapter in our depression history. This is a concession to the A. F. of L., which demanded the Riley code and will now have an opportunity to support its case. The annual income of wage-earners in the cigarette industry has steadily declined in the face of increased production and profits. In 1919 it was $853, in 1931 it had fallen to $727, and in 1933 it was $613. In 1919 some 25,000 workers made some 53 billion cigarettes; in 1931 some 21,000 workers made 117 billion cigarettes. The industry had taken $270,000,000 out of profits and invested it in labor-saving machinery. It was earning 10 per cent in the years 1920-24; in 1931 its profits rose to 16.3 per cent, or 25.5 per cent on original investment. It is stated at the NRA that wages increased 15 per cent after August, 1933, and that the present code will increase the pay of unskilled labor 20 to 40 per cent. Mr. Riley, who knows the industry thoroughly, obviously believes it can pay much more.

NOT TO BE OUTDONE by the half-billion-dollar naval budget, the chief of staff of the army has hastened to present a $400,000,000 plan for modernizing our national "defense." The proposals include an appropriation of $190,000,000 for the construction of air bases around the nation's boundaries, $11,000,000 for a similar base in Hawaii, $90,000,000 for the purchase of 800 armored aircraft, $10,000,000 for coast-defense and army posts, $16,000,000 for the acquisition of tanks, armored cars, and other mechanical equipment, and $8,000,000 for general munitions. Plans are also under way to increase the army by 50,000 men, and to build up a reserve force of 100,000 from the CCC camps. This vast appropriation—four times as large as the estimated cost of the President's security plan—would be in addition to the regular army budget of over $300,000,000. Why this huge sum is required at the present moment is not revealed. It is significant, however, that no one has even suggested that the United States is in danger of invasion by a foreign foe. Obviously there is no country or group of countries which is in a position to dispatch and maintain an expeditionary force on American soil, nor is there any foe which could send an air armada to overwhelm our army's 1,500 modern fighting planes. The fact is that the army is merely interested in obtaining a share of the vast sums being spent in Washington. With the peace forces of the country disheartened and demoralized by the defeat of the World Court, the jingoists may be expected to marshal their forces for a supreme attack. The munitions inquiry has revealed a few of the powerful influences behind a program of this kind, but it will have represented just so much wasted energy if the American people are not sufficiently aroused to check this wave of war preparations.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S rejection of the proposal to barter 500,000 bales of cotton for German goods may be construed as a clear-cut victory for the internationalist wing of the Administration. Under most circumstances the barter plan, sponsored by George N. Peek, special trade adviser to the President, would have little effect on the total volume of trade and merely serve to divert it into restricted channels. In the case of Germany, however, there was at least a suspicion that the scheme was deliberately concocted to counteract the effects of the anti-Nazi boycott. The President also seems to have realized that the disposal of the German goods obtained in the barter agreement might lead to a violation of the spirit if not the letter of existing anti-dumping legislation. By throwing his support to Secretary Hull rather than Mr. Peek in this instance, Mr. Roosevelt has again aroused hope that he will support the

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State Department in its desire for a genuine reduction of tariffs in the pending reciprocity negotiations. If he does so he will have to act quickly, for it is no secret that vested interests are constantly bringing increased pressure to bear to prevent any important reductions. Another transfer for Mr. Peek would perhaps do more than anything else to expedite the Administration's avowed trade policy.

THE PROPOSED CONSTITUTION of the First Commonwealth of the Philippines is notable chiefly for the unusual powers conferred upon the National Assembly in a day when the prestige of legislative bodies is almost universally declining. Unrestricted except by partial veto power in the hands of the President, the assembly will have extensive administrative duties as well as control over the judiciary. In addition, it will possess the unique right of amending or repealing any franchise given to public-utility, mining, or agricultural interests. Another feature of the constitution is a provision that practically excludes foreign capital by restricting franchises to Philippine citizens or to corporations in which 60 per cent of the capital is owned by them. Large landowners, whether corporations or individuals, are subject to special limitation by the assembly. While the latter provisions are bitterly opposed by American business groups in Manila, who speak of the great need of foreign capital for the development of the islands, experience in other undeveloped countries indicates the necessity of some such protection. In recognizing that economic independence may prove to be much more important than political independence, the Filipinos have displayed a wisdom beyond that of many older and more settled peoples. And even though they find that the pressure of foreign capital will ultimately break down these barriers, they will be none the weaker for having tried to stem the influx. Taken as a whole the constitution is a progressive social document, and it is to be hoped that President Roosevelt will give it speedy approval.

AMBASSADOR SAITO has evolved a brand-new theory to explain Japan's invasion of Manchuria in 1931. Speaking before the Chicago Council of Foreign Relations, the Ambassador declared that Japan had been forced to act because Communist propaganda had generated an anti-foreign and anti-capitalist sentiment that threatened the existence of sources of raw material essential to the empire's economic life. Like former explanations which were effectively exploded by the Lytton Commission, this one simply is not true. While there was a powerful Communist movement in China proper in 1931, it had relatively little influence in North China and practically none at all in Manchuria. What Communist influence existed in the Three Eastern Provinces was confined to the north, which at that time was completely outside the Japanese orbit. It is true that Japan's "special position" in the Three Eastern Provinces was threatened, but the threat was economic, not political, and arose because the Chinese were more efficient than the Japanese in organizing their railways, banks, and factories. Doubtless this same threat would arise again today if it were not for the continued presence of Japanese troops, which the Ambassador declared to be necessary if Kang Teh is to be kept on his throne. We used to wonder what some people would do without Communists to blame for their misconduct. We now know—they would invent Communists.

AS A COUNTER-ATTRACTION to the hearings of the Ways and Means Committee on the Administration's security program, the Labor Committee has been staging hearings on the Lundeen bill. Thanks to the proponents of the Townsend plan, the Ways and Means Committee has had a slight advantage as far as entertainment is concerned. But for a comprehensive view of the plight of America's millions of underprivileged the testimony on the Lundeen bill cannot be paralleled. Among those appearing before the committee were a blacklisted textile worker from North Carolina, a member of the United Farmers' League of North Dakota, representatives of a rank-and-file committee of the A. F. of L. and of independent metal-trades unions, transients, Negroes, seamen, architects, dramatists, and the unemployed. In addition, economists, lawyers, and social workers testified on the technical aspects of the bill. An entire session was devoted to listening to the problems of insecurity as they relate to women. Thus far the testimony has been so overwhelmingly favorable to the Lundeen bill that observers are beginning to speculate on what will happen if each of the two bills is reported out on the floor of the House. Such action would prove extremely embarrassing to the Administration in its efforts to portray the Wagner-Lewis bill as a "security" measure.

AN ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCH of February 4 announced that Clarence Norris, "a Negro under sentence of death for assault on a white woman near Scottsboro, Alabama, today changed his counsel." This brief notice for the present completes the record which *The Nation* published in its issue of November 28 and subsequently. Clarence Norris, of course, is one of the Scottsboro defendants, whose case has become world famous. Norris's counsel are now announced as Samuel S. Leibowitz and George W. Chamlee; at the same time it is announced that Walter H. Pollak and Osmond K. Fraenkel, who prepared the petition on which the Supreme Court consented to hear the argument, have withdrawn from the case. Mr. Pollak and Mr. Fraenkel will still act as counsel for Haywood Patterson. This evidently indicates a friendly compromise in the argument over counsel for the Scottsboro case which *The Nation* tried unsuccessfully to mediate. Everyone interested in seeing justice done will be relieved to know that such a settlement has been effected.

THE INVESTIGATION of the milk trust by the Federal Trade Commission has substantiated a charge made by *The Nation* more than a year ago—that the vast spread between the price paid to the dairy farmer for his milk and the price paid by the consumer is not legitimately to be charged to overhead but is exorbitant profit for the big distributors, made possible through their control of marketing cooperatives. In other words, the milk trust is a reality and not a myth. The commission is engaged in a national survey of dairy conditions and is at present holding hearings in Philadelphia. In the seven states making up the Philadelphia milkshed the marketing of milk is controlled by the Interstate Milk Producers' Association, which is nominally a farmers' cooperative but actually a tool of the distributors through its board of directors. Its president, H. D. Allebach, testifying before the commission, acknowledged correspondence which showed that the much-discussed "basic-

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surplus" marketing system was used to starve out insurgent farmers and reward "faithful" ones. Under this system the farmer receives his highest price for "basic" milk, which is bottled, and lower prices for the rest of his supply, known as "surplus" milk and used for by-products. By raising and lowering the "basic" quotas the Interstate controlled the farmer's income and was able not only to fill the pockets of the milk trust but to forestall any possibility of a fair election to give the farmers actual representation in their own cooperative. Allebach also admitted he had been "fighting the battles of the distributors" in the Pennsylvania Legislature. This is only the start of the investigation. Some interesting data on profits, financial juggling, holding companies, and legislative graft are expected shortly.

THE OPTIMISTIC ILLUSION persists that the United States is enjoying an unparalleled era of freedom of speech, and the vicious propaganda of such public enemies as William Randolph Hearst is apt to be lightly dismissed as of no consequence. As far as the national government is concerned it is probably true that the freedom to express any and all opinions has never been greater. But if one watches the labor press and the news reports of groups devoted to defending political prisoners, the conclusion is inescapable that locally in every section of the Union the Bill of Rights is becoming a scrap of paper and violence the order of the day. California and Louisiana in this respect are no longer news. The following notes on repression are enough to show which way the wind is blowing in many other states. In Oklahoma City federal officers have jailed twelve persons for communistic activities under a sedition law passed during the Civil War. The offense consisted of mailing to federal officials "threatening" postcards demanding the release of several unemployed persons arrested after a demonstration at relief headquarters last May. In Chicago, late in January, police raided and wrecked the West Side Workers' Forum during a dance and arrested thirty-three persons on charges of operating a disorderly house. In last week's issue we commented on the terror in Arkansas and also cited the case of Vernon Booker in Maine. In Oregon several trials for criminal syndicalism are in progress. The first was described in our issue of December 26. It was patently a travesty of justice but it ended in conviction and a seven-year sentence. In Burlington, North Carolina, as an aftermath of the textile strike, seven textile workers have been given sentences of two to ten years on what bears strong evidence of being a trumped-up charge of dynamiting a mill.

MEANWHILE LEGISLATION compelling loyalty is finding its way into various state legislatures. In Albany the Ives law is on the books and another has been introduced requiring an oath of loyalty from every college freshman. In Nebraska, the Elks, as part of a nation-wide campaign, are circulating petitions to make communism and communists illegal. The conflict of economic interests which breeds fascism is growing sharper as recovery is delayed. If, in a desperate bid for recovery, the national administration decides that certain fundamental liberties, such as the right to strike, must be curtailed, it will be met halfway in every state by those elements already trained in suppression and with a growing appetite for brutality. More than ever eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. And let no one imagine that fascism always arrives as a strange young man in a colored shirt. It is much more likely to be ushered in by an old familiar Hearst wrapped in a yellow sheet.

WE PRESENT a study in words. The Daughters of the American Revolution—a violent one if we have been correctly informed—recently tried to stop a meeting in Los Angeles at which Kirby Page, a liberal, was scheduled to speak on the question: Is Violence in Revolution Necessary? The meeting was sponsored by an organization whose name is made up of the following magic sounds: American, Civil Liberties, and Union.

THE GHOSTWRITER has never struck us as a particularly sympathetic figure. We had thought of him as one skilled in words who sold his skill for a fair price to those who needed it. But we have received a letter which demonstrates that a ghost may be, after all, merely another exploited worker; and we are moved to set about organizing a ghostwriters' union. We print below excerpts of the letter, which comes from George Tichenor:

> In your comment on Hunting for Hawaii you alluded to an article appearing in *House Beautiful* for January and signed by my name. I wish to make it very clear that my name was signed to that article without my consent, and in spite of written protest to Sidney S. Bowman, whose manipulation of Hawaiian publicity has already been described. . . . It was part of my job during my employment with Bowman, Deute, Cummings to ghostwrite newspaper articles for Betty Compson, Myrna Loy, Frank Condon, or some other celebrity who would allow sugar propaganda to be written under his name. Then Bowman began sending out propaganda under my own name, soliciting newspaper space on the strength of books I had written and a reputation I enjoyed for integrity (up to then). . . . Repeated protest, even the threat of a suit for damages if he persisted in his abuse of my name has resulted in just what you see. Bowman and his methods would be merely funny if they did not offer a serious challenge to other advertising agencies and publishers bent on preserving editorial integrity.

We commend the activities of Sidney Bowman and his agency to the American Association of Advertising Agencies, which almost certainly has a code of ethics hiding somewhere in its files.

Correction

By an unusual coincidence the name Leslie Ford was used as the pseudonym of the author of A Flier in Sugar, published in the January 30, 1935, issue of *The Nation*—it having been entirely overlooked that this pseudonym is also the pseudonym of a writer who is the author of "The Clue of the Judas Tree," "The Strangled Witness," and other well-known detective stories. *The Nation* is glad to publish this correction in order to make clear the fact that the author of "The Strangled Witness" is not the author of *The Nation* article, A Flier in Sugar. The pseudonym will not be used in *The Nation* in the future.

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Our Premier Industry

THE automobile industry, the whole world has been told, is America's contribution to industrial civilization. Our first industry in importance, inventiveness, organization, and rewards, it is America's finest utilization of the machine to produce the most useful of machines. From it, through Henry Ford, came the doctrine that capitalism could build a vast structure of wealth based on high wages. Thus materially and philosophically the industry is symbolic of America. Since the depression, beyond an undetailed knowledge that the boom in the Detroit area has collapsed, little attention has been paid to its symbolic function. So the publication of the study of the conditions in the industry made for the government by Leon Henderson and Isador Lubin brings a surprise. Their story is not simply one of the distress of an industry overtaken by hard times. It is the story of the triumph of the three leading manufacturers over the depression, a victory won by the merciless exploitation of human beings, under conditions of espionage, caesarism, and fear that should arouse everyone to consider where industrial evolution is carrying us. The three major companies, General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler, now dominate the market with their cheap cars. They have reduced costs, improved the technique of manufacture, sharpened the weapons of competition, and conquered the field, surely as fine a demonstration of the power of the profit motive as any capitalist can ask. General Motors last year earned a profit of $94,000,000, made chiefly from the Chevrolet, of which some 700,000 were manufactured. Other branches of the company may have lost or merely broken even. But the Chevrolet earned for the parent company roughly $134 per car. The Henderson-Lubin report does not tell this. Neither does it tell what were the wage costs per car. They were perhaps even less than profits, and certainly not much more. But the picture of the labor conditions is not complete without the omitted counterpart of the financial consequences. The real message of the report is that American ingenuity and talent in organization have conquered a depression and done it at a price. The price is ghastly. No one can read the facts disclosed without recoiling. But the recoil must not be only from the automobile industry. We repeat, it is the symbol of American industrial civilization. Chrysler, Ford, and Sloan show how American initiative (usually called private initiative) can succeed.

The full story of the degradation of human beings in the automobile plants cannot be recounted here. The outline was given in the lengthy newspaper summary of the report published February 8. The industry needs young men; it needs a surplus of them. So it drums up its recruits from all over the country. They came by the tens of thousands before the depression, not knowing they would be discarded at forty. They bought homes and automobile stock on the instalment plan. They were fooled by the glittering high figures of hourly wages, and they stormed the employment gates. One by one they were sucked into the factories, and taught to speed up. Before the depression the speed was a new high record in industrial production, but since the depression it has had to be accelerated. It now is screwed to a pitch relatively few human beings can endure. That does not matter to the employers, other workers are waiting at the gates. The industry draws them in, drives them for long hours, then shuts down and lays them off according to its needs. The report does not give a clear picture of how much the average employee earns in the average plant. It is enough to say that in a test examination of 500 men 380 earned less than $800 last year and only 35 earned more than $1,200. When the plants reopen, young men are taken back. The older ones, not told they are on the scrap-pile, apply and apply for reinstatement, and not till they see most of their former colleagues reemployed do they realize that they are done for. Wages are paid on a gang and bonus system which promises a premium for inhuman speed, but the men do not know how much they are to receive until they collect their pay envelopes. Often the gang and bonus payments are changed, the inhuman speed being accepted as a normal speed. The men stand for hours on end at their belts, unable to pause for a drink of water or to visit a convenience. Their foreman has over them the authority of a Roman galley commander. He can collect petty graft. He can dismiss them. He can write on the dismissal card, "Do not rehire," without giving reason, and if he does it will be hard for that man to find work in any other plant.

This was the report drafted for the perusal of the President and the NIRB before the renewal of the automobile code. The President did not read it. He renewed the code, with amendments making one important change, permitting though not strictly enforcing the introduction of new models in the autumn, which will ameliorate the worst faults of seasonalism. But he authorized the continuation of the forty-eight-hour week through a subterfuge, and while he appeared to give over-time pay to the tool-and-die workers, they will not get it, since the amended code expires in June before their over-time season begins. The President's excuse for his action is that the whole subject will be studied between now and June when the code comes up again for consideration. It has now been renewed three times, and not once has there been a public hearing on the subject of renewal. The NIRB preferred no code at all to the changes he imposed; the board knows the conditions in the industry. The President, who might have known, acted without reading the report drawn up at his request to guide him in continuing the code.

The labor conditions in the industry cry out for fundamental treatment. "Labor unrest," says the dispassionate report, "exists in a degree higher than warranted by the depression. The unrest flows from insecurity, low annual earnings, inequitable hiring and rehiring methods, espionage, speed-up, and displacement of workers at an extremely early age." No wonder the report quietly declares: "The automobile industry . . . is socially inadequate to meet its responsibilities." To cope with these labor conditions the President has made the Wolman board part of the code. And so we round out the picture of our number-one industry, of our government gingerly touching it, then draw-

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ing back unwilling to grasp the nettle, and of the crying problems of labor committed to a board with which organized labor cannot cooperate. We have said the industry is a symbol; so, too, is the government's treatment of it. History, when it comes to record the events of this year, will be nonplussed to explain why the President did not read the Henderson-Lubin report before he amended the autmobile code. But it may write that in these days the New Deal came to an end.

Our Growing Nationalism

MANY writers have expressed alarm at what they feel to be a new trend toward nationalism in the United States as indicated by the unexpected defeat of the World Court. While it is undoubtedly disquieting that a large portion of the American public should fall victim to the cheap demagoguery of a Father Coughlin or a William Randolph Hearst, we cannot regard this as a particularly novel phenomenon. Throughout the whole of American history isolationist phrases have been the stock in trade of the demagogue, and have almost invariably met with a wide popular response. The reaction following the World War culminating in the rejection of the League of Nations was certainly far more extreme than anything with which we are confronted at present. But there has been no time since that period in which the prevailing sentiment of the country has not been strongly isolationist. Despite large investments abroad which could be paid only in goods, the American tariff was raised in 1921, again in 1922, and again—as a crowning exhibition of provincialism—in 1930. Neither Hearst nor Coughlin can be held entirely responsible for the fact that the United States has thrown away the billions of dollars owed to it in war debts rather than shoulder its world responsibility. The American attitude toward Soviet recognition has been ostrich-like from the beginning, and the passage of the Johnson Act is a choice example of the philosophy embodied in cutting off one's nose to spite one's face.

For some reason that is none too clear even today, the World Court has always been a particular anathema of the extreme isolationists. Three years were required from the time President Harding first recommended adherence to the court before the United States Senate could be induced to act upon it, and then only after the adoption of a series of crippling amendments. Similarly in the five years which elapsed between the submission of the Root protocol by President Hoover and the opening of the present Congress, the fate of the measure was in constant doubt. In fact, opposition to the court has probably never been less than at the beginning of this year. That it was reborn by virtue of the radio wizardry of an Irish-Canadian priest suggests the resurrection of the dead more than the creation of a new being.

It is a striking coincidence, moreover, that on the very day on which the Senate was rejecting the World Court, American representatives took their places for the first time on the governing body of the International Labor Office. From a realistic point of view, the entry of the United States into the latter organization is of vastly greater significance than adherence to the World Court could have possibly been. Not only is the I. L. O. intimately associated with the League, but since it deals with such concrete problems as wages, hours of labor, supervision of trade practices, and social insurance, it might easily be construed as a real threat to national sovereignty; yet the resolution for American entry encountered practically no opposition in Congress. The tendency toward greater cooperation with the League of Nations which has been evident in recent years would also seem to contradict the assumption that the United States is turning its back on the outside world.

Nevertheless, there appears to have been a definite lessening of interest in world affairs in this country since the untimely collapse of the World Economic Conference in 1933. This may be attributed in part to natural disillusionment following the extravagant hopes aroused by that conference. If it were this and nothing more, there would be no particular grounds for anxiety at the present moment. We could rest assured that the imperative necessity of world economic cooperation would sooner or later triumph over an isolationist sentiment that was essentially anachronistic. It is not impossible, however, that the isolationist lag in American economic policy has already destroyed the foundation stones of world interdependence. No one will deny that the New Deal is nationalist in character. The Roosevelt monetary policy, the AAA crop-restriction program, the Johnson Act, and the failure of the Administration to make needed tariff adjustments have all tended to nourish the dominant world trend toward economic self-sufficiency. Unless this tendency is reversed by an early agreement on monetary stabilization, and unless the Administration's tariff program exhibits far more vitality than has been evident thus far, there are real grounds to fear a rebirth of isolationist sentiment that will not be merely transitory. If this comes to pass, one can only hope that the chaos which ensues will ultimately give birth to a new and more effective international order.

Wages and Work Relief

IT was no great feat for the Administration to drive the work-relief bill through the House without a word of significant change. Quick and vigorous application of the gag rule sufficed to turn the trick. But the Senate, jealous as ever of its prerogatives and sensitive to currents of public opinion, will prove to be a tough, recalcitrant customer. The anti-Administration revolt in the Appropriations Committee was ominous of legislative storms to come.

By a vote of 12 to 8 the committee came out for the McCarran amendment, which requires that workers on all public projects shall be paid at least the "going rates" that prevail in each locality for private employment. This action was outright mutiny. It was contrary to the President's express desire that the government should not enter the labor market as a competitive bidder against private employers. Previously the committee came as close as a tie vote to transforming the measure into a pure relief bill, cut down to little more than half its present financial dimensions. This was worse than mutiny. For if there is any one point on which the President has made his desire

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clear, it is that the government "must and shall quit this business of relief."

The behavior of the Senate Appropriations Committee reveals a new responsiveness to the pressure of groups operating both on the right and on the left in resistance to Administration rule. Organized labor, the building trades in particular, naturally opposes the government's policy of driving wage rates down to the miserable level of $50 a month. Under the disguise of work relief, the trade unions perceive an intention to create a boom in the capital-goods industries by undermining the present structure of wage rates. In the other instance the committee was affected by the organized pressure of the business community. Compared with straightforward relief measures, a public-works program is extravagant. It necessitates not only the payment of wages but also the purchase of materials, supplies, and equipment. And the business community as a whole fears increased tax bills more than it welcomes the possibility of additional activity in certain limited fields.

Whatever its motives, the Appropriations Committee's revolt against the President was a sign of a return to legislative sanity. For so important a measure as the work-relief bill to race through the House without even the pretense of intelligent debate was sheer madness—a shameful caricature of the theory of representative government. The bill needs all the debate, be it enlightened or passionate, that Congress is capable of giving it. After two years of the New Deal, with no perceptible advance toward liquidating the frozen mass of unemployment, poverty, and destitution, the President has forfeited the right to demand that his program for the relief of working-class misery shall go through without challenge or discussion.

If pure logic were all that mattered, there would be reason to prefer almost any public-works program to the alternative of simple relief expenditures. The former scheme adds to the nation's capital resources; the latter merely redistributes the available national dividends. The former acts as a moral tonic upon workers who are drawn off from the reserve army of the jobless. The latter acts as a moral soporific. Unfortunately, however, the work-relief bill, regarded either as a public-works or a reemployment program, is inadequate for a variety of reasons. Its financial dimensions are utterly insufficient to provide jobs—at living wages—for more than a small fraction of the ten to twelve million now without work. The bill puts forward an impractical ideal of projects which shall not be "competitive" with business enterprise. By undertaking to establish wage rates lower than those currently in force, the bill reverts to the deflationary errors of the Hoover regime. From the beginning this Administration has committed itself to the policy of spending, not starving, its way out of the depression. Wages were to be raised, if necessary by government regulation; purchasing power was to be created by employment through government agencies when private ones were insufficient. To scuttle this principle in the work-relief bill was to abandon the fundamental promise of the New Deal. To restore it is the duty of Congress—a duty ignored by the House in its haste to obey its master's voice. We hope that the Senate committee in control of the measure will find enough will power to resist further pressure—whether from business or the White House—and will stick firmly to its present role of defender of the original faith of the New Deal.

Nudismo

AL SMITH'S scheme for saving America reached its legislative phase on February 5 when the McCall-Dooley anti-nudism bill, brought forward at the instigation of Mr. Smith and his Legion of Decency, was given a hearing at Albany. Mr. Smith was not present. In fact, no one appeared to defend the bill. On the other hand, there were six defenders of nudism and a roomful of extremely interested spectators.

The bill provides that "any person who in any place wilfully exposes his person, or the private parts thereof, in the presence of two or more persons of the opposite sex whose persons, or the private parts thereof, are similarly exposed, or who aids or abets, or owns property used for the purpose, is guilty of a misdemeanor." Charles Francis Potter, founder of the Humanist Society, led off in defense of nudism. He pointed out in a spirited speech that under this law it would be illegal for a woman to give birth to twin boys. He might have pointed out that since the risk of illegality would be two and one-half times as great, the birth of quintuplets would practically cease (and this, we are sure, would constitute a threat to the freedom of the press, though, as in the Jennings case, we don't know exactly why).

Mr. Potter was followed by Talman W. Van Arsdale, speaking for the Bysun Club of Buffalo, who maintained that the terms of the bill are so ill defined that under its provisions "you could go out on the beach and pinch anyone"—which is, indeed, an uncomfortable prospect. Dr. Ilsley Boone, Baptist clergyman and secretary of the International Nudist Conference, mentioned the salutary effects of sunlight in preventing rickets and tuberculosis. He went on to say that modesty and shame are acquired traits and ended by informing the committee that in two schools in New York City the boys and girls are permitted to go nude together, with healthy results in sex education and the avoidance of morbid curiosity.

Undoubtedly the star witness in favor of nudism was Alfred J. Flynn, representing the Sunbathers' League. He stated that he had taken up sun-bathing for his health. At first he had gone to a lonely spot in New Jersey but had finally gone to Germany, where he made his "first contact with organized nudism." Mr. Flynn emphasized the decorum of nudist groups, which quickly changes the attitude of insincere persons who "come for fun," and he related that "one lady said she got more respect from the men in our nudist group than even in church circles."

We admit that we have been a bit torn in our loyalties. From the long-range point of view we have always favored nudism, though we have reserved the right to disapprove of some of its manifestations at close range. "Organized nudism" leaves us cold; we are not sure that the race would profit from the complete elimination of modesty and shame; and the experience of the lady who found a nudist group no more exciting than a church circle would not lead us to make reservations in a nudist colony. But the hearings at Albany have crystallized our position on this important question. We think Nudismo should be preserved if only in the interests of Humorismo.

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Issues and Men

The London *Times*—and Others

APROPOS of its one-hundred-and-fiftieth birthday, the London *Times,* the most famous and most distinguished journal in the world, has published a volume called "The Thunderer in the Making, 1785-1841," which has recently been brilliantly reviewed in the London *New Statesman and Nation.* As everyone knows, the "Thunderer" has been a class organ of the Conservatives, but few realize what the reviewer brings out, that there have been times when it has worked hard for democratic reforms—for its own purposes of course. It has been humanitarian and wise enough to see that extreme conservative measures of repression hurt rather than helped the cause for which it stood. For years the *Times* fought with radicals and workingmen for parliamentary reform, not because it was desirous of lodging the balance of power in the hands of the working classes, but because the men who controlled it knew "what interests they represented and who the real masters of England were to be," namely, the elements whose welfare was bound up with the commercial system. Its achievement was to make the House of Commons largely middle class. It attacked the harshness of the 1834 Poor Law because it would "sow seed of perpetual enmity between the poor and the rich" rather than because it was cruelly inhumane. When the maddened agricultural laborers rioted in 1830 and were punished with barbaric severity, the *Times* nobly protested, again not because it saw anything wrong with the fundamental system, but because it did not wish the defenders of that system to err by going to extremes. As the writer of the review says, it has always been the policy of the *Times* "to safeguard property by wise concession, to agree to reform only when it would be dangerous to refuse it, and to attack every new idea until it has become embodied in a practical proposal which renders it innocuous, to retain always the substance of power while conceding the shadow, to be generous as long as it could give without risk, to be humanitarian as long as it was not asked to alter the evils that made mercy necessary."

With this type of newspaper we in the United States are familiar, but the London *Times* has always shown far more leadership than our own New York *Times,* for example. Originally the London *Times* used to employ one or more men to circulate in the coffee-houses, the theaters, and other places of public resort and to talk with as many people as possible and ascertain what they were thinking. Then it would come out with a thundering leader, and of course win wide acclaim. It has always had the ear of the official world and has made and broken governments. In addition, it has fortified itself by holding to very high standards of journalism. It still has more political influence than all the rest of the London press, and what is more remarkable, it has attained this with a circulation which is tiny in comparison with that of the great sensational newspapers. A pleader for the commercial group, the *Times* is curiously enough guaranteed against sale to any commercial interest which might seek indirectly to control or influence it. Its reporting remains brilliant, its correspondents highly informed; but like others of its type it can do and does an immense amount of harm by false emphasis and careful suppression. It is indeed true that "it exactly reproduces the merits and defects of the British governing class."

There must be many attached to our own conservative press who would pray today for the leadership of the London *Times.* Our great capitalist newspapers are in a dazed state. At the outset of the Roosevelt regime, stampeded by the fear that chaos or economic disintegration seemed close at hand, they besought everybody to support the government at all cost. For the Blue Eagle they had no adequate words of praise. But when they were themselves to have a code imposed upon them they rebelled indeed. Yet they have not dared to be as outspoken in their opposition to the President as they are at heart. They loathe him, but their valor is almost wholly discretion. More than that, the New Deal gave the generating impulse which has produced a real revolt in newspaperdom; they find themselves confronted by unions of their own brain workers, who propose to have some say about their wages and conditions of labor. The bitterness with which the reactionary publishers have fought this development needs no description here. Only a small fraction of it has been allowed to appear.

Curiously enough, their last refuge is no longer patriotism but liberty. They are determined to see in every move toward their control, or better toward the regulation of the working conditions of their employees, a menace to liberty of speech, a move toward suppression of the written word—they who have always refused to say one word when the constitutional rights of minorities and unpopular groups were jeopardized. They cannot today find room to report one hundredth part of the violations of civil liberties which are going on all over the United States. Lacking the foresight of the London *Times,* they do not see that this misconduct of our local officials "sows seed of perpetual enmity between the poor and the rich."

They have now been warmly championed by Walter Lippmann, who insists that when the NIRA expires in June the publishers should ask "for no code and accept none, and announce that they are removing the Blue Eagle from their publications because the right to publish in America is guaranteed by the Constitution, and no license, no decoration, no official stamp of any kind is necessary, is desirable, is consistent with the American tradition of the freedom of the press." All of that may be true, but it does not alter the fact that the danger to the press today is not the American government, or any code, but the capitalist proprietors who have forgotten that journalism is a profession "affected by a public interest," with a duty to society which it has almost universally failed to perform or to honor.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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La Follette Progressives Face the Future

By LOUIS ADAMIC

Madison, Wisconsin, February 8

FOR three decades now Wisconsin has been politically and socially the most progressive—the most consistently progressive—state in the Union. Political thinking and political developments in Wisconsin, accompanied by a long series of successful experiments in enlightened labor, business control, and general social legislation, have greatly influenced not only the lives of millions in that state but the course of things in other states and in the country as a whole. Wisconsin has become, indeed, world famous as a progressive commonwealth. All of which, of course, is an old story; there is no need of recounting it in detail in *The Nation*.

After the death, in 1925, of Senator Robert M. La Follette, Sr., there was much speculation in the country as to what would become of the Wisconsin Idea, which he had made so powerful and renowned. His two sons were young men: Bob in his early thirties, Phil in his late twenties, both as yet untried in public life. Much depended upon them, for the progressive cause and movement were so intimately tied up with the La Follette name that "the boys"—as many in Wisconsin refer to them—were bound to affect it. In recent years both Phil and Bob have been tested and have shown themselves to be La Follettes in the tradition created by their illustrious father, equipped in their characters, personalities, and minds to serve and continue the Idea. The old Senator—to say nothing of his wife, whose role in the affairs of Wisconsin and in building up the prestige of the La Follette name was second in importance only to his own—doubtless had seen to that in the boys' formative years.

Last year Phil and Bob took the leadership in a step of the La Follette Progressives in their state which is of great immediate as well as long-range importance to Wisconsin, and may, toward the end of the current decade or soon after the beginning of the next, conceivably turn out to be equally significant for the United States. They broke once and for all with the Republican Party, within which Old Bob had so shrewdly developed his policies and program, and formed a third party, calling it the Progressive Party. This was in line with the Wisconsin Idea—in fact, an inevitable development of it.

From the beginning of their movement the La Follette Republicans were at sharp odds with the regular Republicans both in Wisconsin and throughout the nation. The first open break occurred in 1924, when Old Bob decided to run for President on an independent ticket. After their father's death young Bob and Phil continued as nominal Republicans. Bob went to the United States Senate. Phil was elected governor in 1930. Two years later Phil was defeated in the Republican primaries by the millionaire Kohler machine, whereupon the La Follette Republicans supported Franklin Roosevelt and the local Democratic candidates. The Democratic national and state platforms contained several principles which were part of the Wisconsin Idea, and the La Follette people believed, as they still do, in Lincoln's political rule: "Stand with anybody that stands right. Stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong." Thus came the second open break of the proponents of the Wisconsin Idea with the "party of talent and wealth."

With the help of the La Follette Progressives and the Roosevelt landslide, the Democrats were swept into power in Madison—and "went wrong" almost immediately after. They allied themselves with the Hoover Republicans, and Wisconsin, under the governorship of the weak and amiable septuagenarian, Albert Schmedeman, had two years of political reaction. The power trust was in the saddle again, as it had been during the Kohler regime from 1929 to 1931. One of the most important of Phil's appointees, David E. Lilienthal of the public utilities commission, who had fought for lower power and light rates, was removed from office. The Democrats and Republicans in the general assembly and the senate passed reactionary taxation and other laws. They crippled the educational system with inadequate appropriations. The administration and enforcement of old progressive laws became less rigorous.

So the La Follettes and their followers broke also with the local Democrats. Nationally, of course, they continued to support President Roosevelt, who, with his New Deal, the NIRA, and what not, appeared to have the intention of applying some of the principles of the Wisconsin Idea to the country at large. Bob voted for most of the important New Deal legislation in the United States Senate. Roosevelt, in turn, played with the La Follettes. He put Lilienthal on the Tennessee Valley Authority. He offered Phil important jobs in the Administration in Washington. But Phil declined them. He did not want to leave Wisconsin. One of the La Follettes had to be there and keep in touch with things in Madison and the rest of the state. And I have cause to believe that he did not want to become too intimate with the New Deal. He was rather more than skeptical about it. Also, he did not want to get caught in the Democratic machine. He—more than Bob, I am informed—was looking ahead to 1934. He felt the time for a clean break with both of the old parties in Wisconsin was here. He knew that a multitude of people in the La Follette movement in Wisconsin felt the same way and were counting on him to take the leadership.

In the spring of 1934 various farmer, labor, farmer-labor, and simply progressive groups, all of them results of Old Bob's thirty-year labors in the state, began to hold conferences and conventions at which resolutions were passed in favor of a third party; and Phil—he is merely "Phil" to everybody in the La Follette movement—was invited to lead it. In May the regional leaders of the movement decided

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that the new party would be formed only if 50,000 voters were prepared to sign petitions to be put on the ballot, though the law required far fewer. They gave themselves only three weeks to gather the signatures. The stalwarts in both the old parties said it was impossible to obtain that number in three weeks. Some reactionaries even suggested that the leading Progressives had set this high figure as a method of avoiding the creation of a new party, because they didn't know what they would do with it if it were formed. But in less than three weeks, without ballyhoo and with almost no funds, over 130,000 signatures were collected; more than fifteen times as many as required by law. It was a popular movement of the La Follette farmers, workers, teachers, and small business and professional folk.

Early in July, after the Secretary of State had thus been compelled by the voters officially to certify the creation of the Progressive Party, the Progressives met in convention at Fond du Lac. Phil made an excellent speech, during which he quoted his father: "Permanent political parties have been born in this country after, and not before, national campaigns, and they have to come from the people, not from the proclamations of individual leaders." The Progressives adopted a preliminary platform, national in scope, containing planks in favor of government sale of arms and munitions, public ownership of utilities, complete national ownership of the country's banking system, a job for everyone able to work, financial and old-age security through state and national legislation creating unemployment insurance, sickness and accident insurance, and old-age pensions, legislation guaranteeing workers the right to organize as they choose, a tax on corporate dividends, immediate payment of the soldiers' bonus, adequate legislation to secure the tenure of land for those who own it through moratorium laws, abolition of speculation and profiteering in food, and establishment of cooperative marketing to reduce the spread between prices received by the farmers and those paid by the consumers, and a reaffirmation of faith in the democratic form of government and the right of free speech. There were planks against the sales tax, the exemption of securities and governmental salaries from taxation, and the destruction of goods and wealth while the people were in need.

In his Fond du Lac speech Phil declared that the new party owed "its existence to no leader and no group of leaders." That was true in a very limited sense. It *was* a mass movement. But it is highly doubtful that it would have crystallized into a successful new political party had it not been for Phil and Bob, with their magic surname and the qualities they had demonstrated in the preceding few years to large sections of the Wisconsin electorate. Phil, I am informed, had more to do with the initial work of whipping the new party into shape than Bob. For one thing, Phil was in Wisconsin while Bob lived in Washington. Then, too, Phil, with his avid dynamic mind, vivid personality, adventurous character, and general brilliance, is far better fitted for such work than Bob, who—according to their mutual friends with whom I talked—is somewhat less dynamic and brilliant, a bit slower, more cautious than his younger brother, but in his own way, I am told, equally effective in the long run.

In the Progressive primary Bob was nominated for reelection to the United States Senate, while Phil became candidate for governor. Bob's reelection was practically a foregone conclusion. He had his father's first name. He had no real opposition either in the Democratic or the Republican candidates. Roosevelt was expected to indorse him at the expense of the reactionary Democratic nominee. Also, having been away from the state most of the time, he had made no enemies at home and was generally liked and respected. Phil's election, on the other hand, was in great doubt during the campaign. As governor during 1931-32 he had naturally collided with numerous influential people in the state. Thousands of voters who hung on the periphery of progressivism inclined to think he was a little "too full of ideas." They were expected to vote for Bob but not for Phil. The newspapers were much more against Phil than Bob. Phil's chief opponent, the incumbent Schmedeman, was a pre-Chicago Roosevelt booster, and as such certain to have the President's support. Besides, it was rumored that Roosevelt did not like Phil. One reason advanced for this dislike was that Phil had declined two or three offers of high federal positions. Phil's chances of election, in fine, were considered extremely slight. How could the young man buck Roosevelt's prestige, so high in Wisconsin?

President Roosevelt came and spoke in Wisconsin, indorsed Bob, but took a sharp crack at Phil and came out in favor of Schmedeman. But Phil happens to be Old Bob's son even more emphatically than is his older brother. He is a fighter and carries amazing energy in his slight frame. He can make ten, a dozen, speeches a day, and good speeches. In fact, he is considered one of the best campaigners in America today. Essentially an intellectual, he can talk simply, even ungrammatically, if that helps the folks to understand him. He is dramatic, dynamic, convincing; obviously an idealist, but nobody's fool; seemingly impetuous, actually very deliberate. He has a high quality of charm, the core of which, it seems to me, is a direct, eager, typically American simplicity. Anyhow, in the face of Presidential disapproval he went up and down the state much in the manner of his father twenty or thirty years ago. Finally Bob made a long tour and spoke in behalf of his brother; and while there can be no doubt that Bob helped hugely to elect Phil, it also is a fact that Phil added to Bob's majority.

The formation of the new party started political speculation in many quarters. What were the La Follettes thinking of? A new national party? The Presidency in 1940? Had a third party any future in this country? And so on. After the Progressive victory in Wisconsin speculation became even keener. Speculation continues. In the Middle West I find a good deal of interest in "what they are doing or trying to do in Wisconsin." In Madison I found most of the Progressives ready, even eager, to talk about the future of their party, and the following is a composite and, for brevity's sake, much simplified report of the various ideas, guesses, hopes, fears, and misgivings that were expressed to me:

"Progressivism, we believe, has a big future in this country. The idea of progress is a powerful factor in the American mind. Progress is a good American word. It's our national middle name. It has more vital meaning in the United States than anywhere else in the world. Progress, change; the two go together. They used to fire American

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imagination. They are part of our tradition. They will fire American imagination again. If we are wrong in this, it's just too bad—not only for us, but for the country.

"Our program, our ideology? We refer you to our platform. Our political method? Democracy. Opportunism along the lines of the Wisconsin Idea. We'll try to take the masses just as far as we feel fairly sure they'll be willing to go from time to time. If our social-economic order continues for any length of time in its present state, the people will soon be willing to go a long way toward a new social order, to be built on the American pattern, which is a matter of our past and our present. We are realists. We believe in practical politics. In action. The Wisconsin Idea always led to action. We consider the people, their mentality, the fact that they are Americans, which means that they are great optimists and inclined to consider and deal with their problems only from moment to moment, as they develop, not before. That's the American way; whether it is good or bad is immaterial. It's our way; we are Americans. It was the way of Jefferson, Lincoln, and Old Bob.

"The American mind is being stirred today as it has never been stirred before. The people's social and economic conditions are critical and growing worse in many sections. Their personal problems are becoming more acute daily. They are being forced to think, to seek an explanation of their plight. They are hearing all sorts of explanations. They listen to Franklin Roosevelt and Father Coughlin. Then there is Huey Long. There was EPIC. There was Technocracy. There is Townsend with his plan. There is Utopia, Inc. There are the Socialists and Communists and the radical writers and lecturers. There will be other persons and movements, many of them pretty crazy, unlinked to the American past, not geared to our current material and psychological realities, and most of them have no future by themselves. They pop up and go. Some leave no trace. Others do. They become—they will become—factors in the radicalization of the American mind, in the intensification of the American wrath, if this depression continues or becomes worse, which is likely. When the time comes for progressive political action, the people will have become disillusioned with Coughlin, Long, and the others and will be ready for us. And we hope to be ready for them. We have the real thing. Of course everybody thinks the same but we can prove it. The Wisconsin Idea has been tried. It is the logical continuation of the best basic American traditions. No doubt about it.

"No, we have no immediate national plans. Ideologically and programmatically we are closest to the Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota. There are groups in other states which can become the core of a new political state organization. They will be useful. For the time being, we probably shall not participate in any immediate effort to start a third party upon a country-wide basis. It's too early for that. If a new national party arises, the chances are nine to one it will be ours. The vitality of the word "Progressive" and the magic of the La Follette name are important.

"Significant things are happening all over the country. For the first time in the history of America the federal government is supporting millions of citizens. The government is engaging in vast public-works projects. It can't possibly stop. The old order has cracked. The South is being loosened up and awakened by the advent of cheap power and other forces. The solidness of the South may not last much beyond 1936, and the political changes there are extremely likely to be in our favor.

"We figure that within the next few years organized labor will succeed in freeing itself from the strangle-hold of its present corrupt and intellectually bankrupt bureaucracy. That, too, will be in our favor, as it already is here in Wisconsin, where we have the higher type of labor leader.

"Nationally, we continue to support what good we think there still is in the New Deal. We believe that Roosevelt will be reelected. He wants to be and it seems that nothing short of death can stop him. In 1936 we plan to get on the ballot in various states, but that is all—just to get on the ballot, not to win. We know we can't win. We'll probably support Roosevelt for the Presidency. His victory very likely will be a landslide, which will bury a good part of what is left of the Republican Party. It is quite possible that in 1937 there will be eighty-five Democrats in the United States Senate. In short, the Republican Party will practically cease to exist. The Democratic majority will be so great that it will be unwieldy and embarrassing. Roosevelt will go farther and farther to the right. Inevitably so. Since he is not really against it, the system will drive him that way.

In consequence, his prestige will have diminished by 1940. He may or may not have the power then to dictate who will be the Democratic nominee for President. If he has the power, he probably will pick someone like himself, a conservative with a liberal front. If he does not have the power, the big-money boys, having meanwhile lost all interest in the Grand Old Party, will dictate whom the Democrats will nominate. They will pick a conservative. But we expect that long before that the Democrats will have started to split into conservatives and progressives. By 1939, perhaps, the situation will be quite clear, and the progressive or radical Democrats, many of them farther left by then than we are now, will come to us. They will have to come to us. There will be no other place for them to go. We'll have the new party all ready for them. And in 1940 the Progressive Party, the outgrowth of the Wisconsin Idea, will have a good chance of sweeping the country and gaining national power."

At this point, talking with a prominent La Follette Progressive, I mentioned Charles A. Beard's powerful article, National Politics and War, in the February *Scribner's*, in which he hints that such developments as outlined above up to about 1939 are very probable, but argues that by 1940 Roosevelt, faced by terrific domestic problems and a split in his own party, torn by conflicting emotions and unable to develop a "strong" domestic policy, will adopt a "strong" foreign policy and thus cause the country to "stumble" into war, beyond which "lies the Shadowy Shape of Things to Come."

"Of course," said this La Follette Progressive with an uneasy smile, "much is liable to happen between now and 1940 that will play the very devil with our expectations. A new war *is* possible, even probable. Then, too, some form of outright fascism is not impossible. . . ."

Phil, with whom I had a long conversation, talked rather differently.

[*Mr. Adamic's report of his interview with Governor Philip F. La Follette will appear in next week's issue.*]

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The Purge at the AAA

Washington, February 11

EVERY political action has at least two explanations. It means what the actors tell themselves as they act. And it means something far deeper, which moves them to act. So it is with the purge at the AAA. Chester Davis, Administrator, has rid himself of Jerome Frank and four members of the legal department—Lee Pressman, Victor Rotnem, Alger Hiss, and Francis J. Shea. He has demoted Frederick C. Howe as consumers' counsel and dismissed Gardner Jackson, one of Mr. Howe's most active staff members. He can give himself a reasonable account of it. Secretary Wallace, who had to sanction the dismissal of the men who had striven against odds to carry out his own policies, also can supply a surface justification. But their rationalizations of the deed are far from being the complete story. The deeper reason is the more important. The purge spells the end of an era. It is the defeat of the social outlook in agricultural policy.

The surface explanation, however, is worth relating at some length, and not without sympathy. Imagine yourself in the place of Chester Davis, ultimately responsible for the policy and the success of one of the great enterprises of the New Deal. You strike out on a line, feeling your way between the interests of the agricultural producers and distributors. You make concessions here and there, simply to get something done. You may have to whittle away from what you really would like to achieve, but you think you know where you are going, and you are willing to risk half-measures because you feel you are proceeding in the right direction. Along come the consumers' counsel and the legal department, and tell you you are giving away a fundamental principle. You are annoyed, and you argue with them. They are stubborn. And in the end you send up your plan to the Secretary of Agriculture as final arbiter, and the consumers' counsel and the legal department send up their objections. And possibly the Secretary rules against you, and a scheme you have worked out has to be changed or abandoned altogether, because those obstreperous fellows in the legal department and the consumers' office stand in the way. You cry out against the "split docket," the conflicting opinion laid before the Secretary. You endure this for a time, but one day you go to the Secretary and you tell him you can't stand it any longer. He has to choose between letting you run your own show or finding somebody else to do the job. He has to clear away those obstructing fellows downstairs. That puts the Secretary on the spot. He likes the fellows downstairs; they are the ones who are trying to put into reality the very principles the Secretary has been talking and writing about. But if he puts up a fight for them his administrator will quit, and will be able to say he wasn't given a free hand to do his job. That will be a national scandal. The administrator's friends, big powerful men among distributors, processors, and certain groups of producers, will be offended. And anyhow the practice, when there are strains in departments, is that the top man is vindicated and the lesser men are sacrificed. Top men don't get pushed out till dozens and dozens of lesser men have bled and died. So the Secretary ruefully contemplates the perplexities of public office, and gives you his O. K. And you oust the lesser fellows.

That is precisely what happened before the purge at the AAA. The "split docket" was over a canned-asparagus agreement. The legal department and the consumers' counsel insisted that the new agreement should provide for a full inspection of books and records. The agreement of the year before, according to much evidence, had been unfair to the producers and to the public. If there was to be a new agreement giving a virtual monopoly to the canners, there also should be full knowledge. The terms of the proposed agreement contained only a narrow "books and records" clause, not a wide one. The consumers' counsel wrote a memorandum asking for the standard clause. Mr. Davis was in a hurry, as the asparagus season was near. He believed he could not get the industry to accept the standard clause. So he sent the memorandum back to Mr. Howe, and asked him to change it. What he was trying to avoid was having to lay a "split docket" before Secretary Wallace. But Mr. Howe would not withdraw or modify his memorandum, and the divided opinion had to go to the Secretary. And Mr. Wallace, looking over the material, decided Mr. Howe was right and that no agreement would be better than a weak one. Thereupon came the drama as I have already outlined it. Mr. Davis rebelled, he demanded a show-down; Mr. Wallace had to justify the dismissal of the very men who had been fighting for his own ideas.

It happened that Under Secretary Rexford Tugwell was in the South recuperating from flu, a godsend if there had to be a purge, since Tugwell could be trusted to rush over to the White House. In fact, he did rush back and to the White House. First consequence was that another job was sought for Jerome Frank, if he would take it. Second consequence was that Tugwell was named to the board of the AAA, giving him a voice in policy hitherto denied him. And Mr. Davis hastily announced the appointment of Professor Calvin Hoover to head the consumers' division (hereafter to be a research section), replacing Dr. Howe, who agreed to remain and serve under Professor Hoover. And since Professor Hoover has all the views about social needs in agricultural policy of Dr. Howe and his assistants, and of Mr. Frank and his staff, some of the damage of the purge appears to have been repaired.

But now to look again below the surface. If Chester Davis burned with zeal for the public interest, as distinct from the special interest, would there ever have been "split dockets"? Obviously not. Obviously Mr. Davis is not administering the AAA as Dr. Howe and Mr. Frank believe it should and can be administered. And this raises another simple question. Is Mr. Davis pursuing a better policy than they? It may not be a fair question. Mr. Davis is dealing with realities, with things as they are, with processors and distributors who are strong, with certain banded producers who are mighty in their field and can exert formidable political pressure. He has to get them to "come along." And their interests are oftener than not diametrically opposed to the public interest, or the interest of the

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small producer, as served by the Howe-Frank faction. In fairness to Mr. Davis let it be said that politics continually presents this dilemma, and that most men who stay in office solve it as he has solved it.

With Tugwell on the policy-making board of the AAA, with Professor Hoover as consumers' representative, it may look to the innocent as though Chester Davis has had his purge, has solved his administrative problem, without the public interest having been sacrificed after all. Moreover, Jerome Frank has fought all along for a standard "books and records" clause, and this, it is predicted, will be in the new legislation sponsored by the Administration. The two sets of facts do not jibe. Now that Mr. Davis is rid of the public-interest pressure should he do himself what was a frustration to him when Frank and Howe did it? The "victory" of the public interest is window dressing, or else Chester Davis has suffered the defeat, a remarkable way to look upon the executions of last week. If there is any doubt about Mr. Davis's victory, Secretary Wallace has set it at rest. He has reversed his decision on the canned-asparagus agreement.

The story preliminary to the purge is much longer than I have suggested. It began two years ago and there has been a struggle the whole time. Anyone knowing the nature of the agricultural problem would expect a fight the whole time. Here were Frank and Howe trying to inject some of Wallace's public-good doctrine into practical affairs. They were denounced as the bottle-neck. They held up innumerable proposals. They insisted on studying agriculture from the standpoint of the public and the small producer; they tried to reduce the spread between the prices received by the producer and those paid by the ultimate consumer. They strove to maintain elements of competition, so as to keep retail prices as low as could be justified. They warned of the tragic situation of share-croppers. They bucked when two excellent men, Einar Jensen and R. K. Froker, were dismissed for affronting big distributors and producers of milk. They were consistent crusaders for a new cause, one never yet espoused by an American government, of planning agriculture to save the small man in production and the consumer from the triumphant greed of the processors, distributors, and big producers. ("Greed" is Secretary Wallace's word for it.) But it was unreasonable to suppose that the New Deal, in giving them their first insecure seat in the saddle, was going to survive the realities of politics. The representation of the consumer all along has been artificial. It could only have been real if there had been a fighting spirit inspired by the White House. It meant the shift of economic power from those who had it, the big men, to the public through the government. It could not be shifted without a fight. Conceivably this might have been waged had the President understood the nature of the conflict and had he been a fighter. There is no sign that he understood; and his technique of battle, as the country is rapidly learning, is what the British know as the "wangle." He is a marvelous wangler, but not even the smartest wangler in history could wangle economic power from the interests in agriculture who hold it and are increasing it. That can only be taken in frontal attack. It is not enough to make promises, appoint good men, and announce good intentions. They are as ineffectual as the inscription on the building of the Department of Agriculture: "Dedicated to the service of agriculture for the public welfare."

R. G. S.

North China Bows to Japan

By CHARLES MARTIN

Peiping, January 5

A SWIFT military plane, the Japanese sun glowing on its wings, soars over Peiping. The curious look aloft. But nobody pays special attention to it. There have been many such recently, swooping out of the skies after a swift flight from Manchoukuo or rising and disappearing eastward toward Chengteh, Chinchow, or Mukden. If the local newspapers were permitted to note these passages they might have reported in a mild paragraph that an officer of the Kwantung army, Colonel Giga, or the Manchoukuo Minister of Communications, Mr. Fugiwara, had arrived for "a brief visit." If they were particularly perspicacious or daring they might have added that the visitors were meeting with representatives of the Nanking government to discuss the resumption of normal postal relations between China and Manchoukuo. And if they were especially interested in being forced to suspend publication, they might have reported that a Sino-Japanese-Manchoukuo postal agreement had been signed in a suite at the Grand Hotel de Pekin.

But no such reports appeared until long after all arrangements had been completed. One or two Chinese papers timidly tried to inform their readers that "certain talks are proceeding between certain parties on a certain subject." But no more than that. For the cementing of new and amicable relations between Japan and the Nanking government is strictly "not news." Nor has the Western press adequately reported the extension of Japanese influence in North China. The spectacular Japanese invasion of Manchuria, Shanghai, and North China was played up throughout the world, but no one has money to spend on cable tolls to describe the systematic and thorough but prosaic manner in which the Japanese have consolidated their victories, or the extent to which the Nanking government has become a vassal holding fief by pleasure of its Japanese suzerain. Nevertheless, the tightening Japanese strangle-hold on China is today the most important single development in Far Eastern politics. Let no one ignore the fact that Japan's adamant stand at the London naval conversations was in no small measure the result of its enormously strengthened position on the continent of Asia.

This is particularly evident in North China. The regional government is headed by the notoriously pro-Japanese Huang Fu, a member of the Anfu clique which almost sold China to Japan lock, stock, and barrel during the Great War. In the demilitarized zone south of the Great Wall

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Chinese authority is so tenuous that even a large part of the currency in circulation bears the stamp of Manchoukuo. The Hopei provincial government was recently reorganized in order to eliminate all those who had the temerity to object to Japanese dictation. Not content with this, the Japanese are pushing a plan to enlarge the municipalities of Peiping and Tientsin in such a way as to bring under their complete sway half a dozen *hsien*, or counties, contiguous to the demilitarized zone. Reports are even current that the political council here will be abolished, and that Huang Fu will go to Nanking as Minister of the Interior. This would leave the Japanese to deal with two groups of hand-picked municipal authorities. But Japanese control over North China will be no less complete even if this plan falls through. Should the Japanese decide tomorrow to pack Henry Pu Yi into an airplane, fly him down to Peiping, and deposit him on the Dragon Throne of his Manchu ancestors, they could do so without the slightest difficulty. For the time being, however, the Japanese can play through to a grand slam without uncovering their Manchu ace until the last round. Nanking has become a pliable and obliging dummy.

That Chiang Kai-shek has fully acquiesced in these developments is beyond dispute. It is significant, for example, that after his recent tour of the north he ordered approximately 150,000 northern troops to be sent to central China, presumably for use against the Communists. Of these, 50,000 were taken from General Sung Chih-yuan, governor of Chahar, despite the fact that the Japanese have long been threatening to invade that province. Chiang also appears to be responsible for the order permitting towns and villages in the demilitarized zone to employ Japanese "advisers."

Immediately after his visit the North China authorities launched a wave of terrorism against all groups suspected of anti-Japanese activity. The best-known victim thus far has been General Chi Hung-chang, who led the expedition which captured the important city of Dolonor in Inner Mongolia from the Japanese in the summer of 1933. A national figure, Chi had recently incurred official displeasure by joining the League for Armed Resistance against Japanese Aggression, founded by Madam Sun Yat-sen. On November 11 two members of the Blue Jackets, Chiang's secret terrorist society, broke into Chi's room in a Tientsin hotel and shot him and two of his friends—one an anti-Japanese general named Jen Ying-chi and the other a Mr. Liu Shao-nan. The latter was killed, while the two generals, severely wounded, were removed to a hospital in the French concession. A few days later they were extradited at the request of the Chinese authorities and brought to Peiping, where they were given a summary hearing and shot.

During the first half of December the purge was carried into the universities and middle schools. Within ten days more than two hundred teachers and students were arrested in Peiping and vicinity, charged with "communism." The accusation is a blanket one which may be directed against anyone from a drug peddler to a political enemy, but in this case it appears to have been applied chiefly to those who were suspected of harboring resentment against Japan. Some of those arrested, notably Professor Feng Yu-lan, dean of Tsing Hua University, were later released; but the majority, including Mr. Shen Kuo-kwang, principal of the Peiping First Middle School, are reported to have been sent south for trial. Their actual fate is unknown. In addition many students have disappeared, but because of the secrecy employed by the Kuomintang it is difficult to learn whether they have been arrested or have merely taken flight in order to avoid detention. None are safe unless they take an openly reactionary stand. The victims are rarely brought before a regular court, but are detained at the Kuomintang headquarters until they "confess." No torture is too brutal to be used in obtaining these confessions.

As a means of buttressing their political and economic control of North China, the Japanese are continuously strengthening their military position. The "demilitarized" zone is controlled by Japanese troops stationed along the Peiping-Mukden railway. A large airdrome capable of accommodating twenty planes was recently opened at Tientsin, while a smaller one for seven planes is reported to have been erected at Dolonor. The Japanese also maintain a military mission at Kalgan, the southern terminus of the international caravan route leading to Soviet Siberia via Urga.

Elsewhere in the country Japanese influence is likely to be confined more closely to the economic sphere. One hears, for instance, much talk about Sino-Japanese "cooperation." But every Chinese knows that this is merely a euphemism for the extension of special privileges to Japan. Tokyo has already won a major victory in the field of trade, where the Nanking government "cooperated" by establishing a tariff distinctly favorable to Japanese interests. The schedule which went into effect last July reduced the duty on cotton goods 5 per cent and raised the duty on raw cotton 40 per cent. This meant at the same time trading advantages for the Japanese and a mortal blow at the native Chinese cotton-goods industry. The same tariff schedules recorded increases of from 2 to 7 per cent on machinery and other items usually imported from the United States and Great Britain.

But aside from tariffs and trade the Japanese are driving forward a number of grandiose railway projects, notably the Tangku-Shihchiachwang line, a 400-mile link between the Peiping-Hankow and Tientsin-Pukow lines. A more ambitious project is the extension of the Peiping-Suiyuan Railway from its present terminus at Paotao westward into Sinkiang along a route which has just been surveyed by the Swedish explorer, Sven Hedin. This road, in conjunction with the Peipiao-Chengteh line, now finished, and the eventual lines to Dolonor and Kalgan, will make possible the extension of Japanese trade and military control over the vast areas of the Northwest, Inner Mongolia, and North China, much as the South Manchuria Railway developed such control over the Northeast.

The chief danger in the present situation does not lie in the possibility that the Japanese will forcibly annex North China. Nothing could stop them if they chose to do so, but they have very little to gain from such a step. A more likely development is a Japanese advance into Inner Mongolia as a strategic move in preparation for an eventual war with the Soviet Union. Already there are signs of renewed military activity in Chahar, and all through Inner and even Outer Mongolia the Japanese are at work seeking to bolster up the declining power of the princes and lamas against the vigorous and democratic Young Mongol movement. The whole trend of recent events makes it clear that neither Nanking nor the Western powers are likely to make any real effort to check Japan as long as it moves in this direction.

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Lloyd George's New Deal

By HAROLD J. LASKI

London, January 26

WE have at last had in general outline the principles of the program with which Mr. Lloyd George has superbly staged his reentry into politics after almost four years of silence. Let it be said at once that he has accomplished that reentry with all the verve and power which make him still the incomparable virtuoso in our politics. He arranged to admiration that proper period of breathless expectancy which should precede the emergence of the star performer. The air was thick with rumors; no one quite knew what he was going to say. And viewed merely as a piece of stagecraft, the speech was, on any showing, masterly. There are not more than two other men in British politics who could compel all parties in the state to discuss the issues of the day in the terms they choose.

But we must distinguish between the actor's quality and the importance of the play in which he performs. No Socialist, certainly, could look upon Mr. Lloyd George's "new deal" with even a faint flush of enthusiasm. He might be grateful for the insistence upon the need for a new energy in affairs, foreign not less than domestic. He would be glad that Mr. Lloyd George is prepared to attack the Bank of England. He would be grateful for the insistence that we need a drastic reform of cabinet and parliamentary procedure. But I think he could not do other than conclude that, as a substitute for socialism, the program outlined is thin and meager in an amazing degree.

What does Mr. Lloyd George propose? (1) There is to be a return to his war-time experiment of a small Cabinet free from preoccupation with administrative detail. (2) There is to be an Economic General Staff composed of the best expert minds available. Working in conjunction with the appropriate departments, but without administrative responsibility, it is (a) to survey the national needs and (b) to propose a big development and reconstruction program in the light of this survey. (3) A million workers are to be resettled on the land. (4) There is to be a big step forward in telephone development, road-building, and slum clearance. Partly by these means many who are now living idly on unemployment insurance are to be found the opportunity of useful work. (5) The constitution of the Bank of England is to be changed so as to bring it into closer touch with industry. It is, however, to remain free from political influence, and the control of the joint-stock banks is to remain in private hands. (6) There must be a more spirited and determined foreign policy, especially in relation to the grave menace of the Far East. (7) Mr. Lloyd George is willing to cooperate with "a" National Government for these ends. But he thinks Mr. MacDonald an impossible Prime Minister, and some of his colleagues also must go.

This, then, in principle is the new deal. The first things that will strike a Socialist are (1) that it accepts all the postulates of the capitalist system. It would not change by a hair's breadth existing class relations. If it went fully into operation, the few would still remain rich and the many poor. (2) It does not touch that issue of capitalism as imperialism which all Socialists now accept as the essential factor making toward war. (3) It assumes that a million people can go back to the land without grave repercussions on British exports which would affect exactly those industries—coal, cotton, iron and steel, shipping—which have been hardest hit by the present depression. (4) It suggests that a mere change in the personnel of banking direction will alter the foundations of credit policy without relating these to the postulates of class relations in Great Britain. (5) It assumes that an Economic General Staff of experts of varied views will give a unified direction to policy. But anyone who visualizes such a General Staff, with, say, Mr. Keynes and Professor Robbins among its members, will see at once that its reflections upon the making of policy will only result, in all fundamental matters, in the issue of majority and minority reports. (6) His proposal for a "War Cabinet" is built upon a mistaken analogy between the war objective and the peace objective. In the first there could be a separation between policy and administration because there was a single end at which to aim. In the second, except in verbal terms, there is no such single end; and while cabinet reform is wholly desirable, all that Mr. Lloyd George's proposals would do would be to infuse a little extra energy into the present objectives of the National Government. These may be described as simply the consolidation of a weather-beaten capitalist system at the least possible sacrifice. Whether that is done efficiently or, as now, inefficiently, it is clearly not an adventure in which the Labor Party could participate. Mr. Lloyd George, indeed, does not seem to expect this participation; for he has uttered the interesting warning—which has been emphasized again and again by Socialists of my particular school—that the adoption of the Labor Party program on finance and banking would mean "catastrophe."

The reception of the new deal has been significant. Ministers from Mr. Chamberlain downward have tumbled over each other to explain that it will be examined sympathetically and impartially. Mr. Churchill has blessed it, with special emphasis on its attack against the "maundering" Mr. MacDonald. The younger Tories, especially Lord Eustace Percy, have supported it in the recognition that it represents their own outlook. It has the cautious and restrained approval of the *Times*, now the chief government organ. The Liberal Party and, even more, the Liberal press have greeted it with unrestrained enthusiasm. That ardent Gladstonian Liberal, Lord Snowden, has wired his congratulations, and has announced that he proposes to appear on the platform in behalf of its principles. Among Labor leaders even of the right wing it has aroused interest without even an approach to support. Even Mr. Herbert Morrison is well to the left of a program of this kind.

What will be its effect? That will, I suspect, depend very largely on personal factors. For the next six months it cannot influence government policy seriously, for the House of Commons will be fully occupied with the India bill and that on slum clearance. It therefore, effectively, assumes the

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appearance of an election manifesto. Mr. Lloyd George is going to set the pace for the older parties. If they accept his plans, he will emerge as the effective author of their policy. If they reject them, then those who resent the inactivity of the MacDonald government will vote against it, and Mr. Lloyd George will emerge as a pivotal factor in its destruction. In either event, his personal position is bound to be incomparably stronger than at any time since he laid down the premiership.

It is important in this contest that powerful influences, including the *Times*, are urging the reconstruction of the Cabinet. Mr. Lloyd George's program may well form the touchstone on which that reconstruction might turn, especially if it came after a general election. It would enable the Tories to get rid of Mr. MacDonald, who is rapidly becoming their Old Man of the Sea, and Sir John Simon, who has friends nowhere. It would facilitate a much more real fusion of the older parties than Mr. MacDonald was able to effect by combining acceptance of protection with a forward economic policy. It would enable Sir Herbert Samuel and Mr. Lloyd George himself to serve under Mr. Baldwin. The Tories would have an assurance against the splitting of votes by three-party contests. The Liberals would have a chance—at present dim—of survival. Mr. Lloyd George himself would be in office; and he would sacrifice formal leadership for that reality of power which his energy and skill would give him in any Cabinet to which he belonged. If, in short, this maneuver were successful, he would have built that Center Party toward which men so various as himself, Mr. Churchill, Lord Birkenhead, and Sir Austen Chamberlain looked forward in the first years after the close of the war. It would restore at once the simplicity of the two-party system and, in my judgment, keep the Labor Party out of office for the next ten years.

Its weaknesses as a tactic are of course obvious. No party in the country has any confidence in Mr. Lloyd George; the memory of the Coalition government is still an unpleasant one. It is doubtful, too, whether those Conservatives with whom he has influence mean much in the councils of the party. Most of them, like Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Loder, represent industrial constituencies which are pretty certain to go Labor at the next election. Alliance with him might bring over an uncertain number of Liberal votes, but the Liberals are in any case a wasting asset, and those who are keen on the defeat of Labor are pretty certain to vote Conservative next time. Then, as is well known, Mr. Baldwin is not the kind of man to like association with Mr. Lloyd George; their character and their methods are too dissimilar. A striking series of Labor victories in by-elections might force him into a partnership; but it would be the kind of partnership built on necessity and not desire. For Mr. Baldwin knows only too well that Mr. Lloyd George is not the kind of man to be the junior partner in any enterprise to which he belongs.

There are observers who think that the rejection of his overtures by the National Government will lead Mr. Lloyd George to the left, and they suggest possible overtures to the Labor Party. I think that it is true to say not only that Mr. Lloyd George has toyed with this possibility, but also that there are some elements in the Labor Party to whom his advent would not be unwelcome. They would not object to anything which made the party one of social reform and postponed once more the prospect of a victory for socialist principles. But I think this event unlikely. In the first place, it would split the party from top to bottom. Many of its best workers would leave rather than act with Mr. Lloyd George. In the second place, his program is inadequate even for the main part of its right wing; and he cannot afford, in the year or so between now and the general election, to alter its basic principles. In the third place, criticism of the plan in the next few months is bound to make the distance between them wider than it has been these last few years, for Mr. Lloyd George is now definitely the protagonist of a renovated capitalism. That is not a doctrine one can take with any confidence either to the left wing of the party, or even to the rank and file of the trade unions. Such an alliance would be only less fatal to Labor than the readmission of Ramsay MacDonald into the party.

I think, therefore, that the real problem is whether Mr. Lloyd George has still a following big enough to force him on the Conservative Party. Only time can answer that question. I think it is probable that he has sounded Mr. MacDonald's death knell. The spectacle of the daily press giving four columns to the speech of an ex-Prime Minister free from party ties, and hardly half a column to a speech on the same day by Mr. MacDonald is evidence of the position the latter now holds. No one quite so impotent has held high office since Lord Goderich a hundred years ago; even the pretense of respect for his views has disappeared from among his followers. He will be defeated at the next election without any doubt, and his future has become wholly devoid of significance for British politics.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter is in receipt of a letter from a friend which he believes his readers will relish as much as he does. He has changed the names a bit, but otherwise it is as it was written. High Mountain is the name of the family estate of the Westons.

> We spent Christmas at High Mountain. You will not have forgotten the Mountain. Well, we had a real old-fashioned Christmas there. Fortunately all the in-laws were absent, and all us Westons sat around the fire and said how nice it is there is nobody here to suffer from inconveniences. It was a little strenuous—we started the day in what my aunt insisted was the proper old-fashioned way—with eggnog before breakfast. It knocked me out, all us younger ones in fact, but the older generation stood up under it, all except Nick Dudley (colored) who got quite drunk and made a fine oration on the subject of the government and my grandmother. He isn't quite sure about how the government should be run, though he says he knows how to raise forty-cent tobacco and ought to get forty cents for it, but he maintains that no man living, white or black, knows how to manage my grandmother except him.

* * * * *

IT is not the Drifter's intention to labor the moral that this is but another example of our present-day weaklings defeated by a little bit of eggnog in the early part of the day; nor does he propose to point out that Nick Dudley's economics might be recommended to the guardians of the New Deal. What impressed as much as it delighted him,

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in reading this letter, was its evidence of the continuity of society, the pull of tradition that holds families together, even large, widely dispersed families such as the Westons are, with no money and no worldly goods to speak of except the burden of some 20,000 acres of none too fertile land. He likes to think of that large family group about the fire, with no in-laws to whom the ritual of the day would be strange, and with Nick Dudley (colored) to make an oration. Although we sometimes tend to forget it, there are many such families in the United States. Gradually, after two or three centuries, we are developing a past, a social tradition which we like to remember. We were a raw, brash country at first, and we hastened to throw off the European memories that had formerly governed our conduct. Everything was new, and we looked only forward. Our lives were concerned with the future, and to our children the millennium would seem as customary as an old coin.

* * * * *

IT is hardly necessary to point out that our Utopian dreams were not all realized. But as the future became less promising the past became more solid and more rich. The Drifter is aware that his uncomplaining acceptance of this state of affairs will mark him once more as an ostrich with his head in the sand who cannot see the torrents that are sweeping us all into a still newer day. But he will go farther and declare that on that new frontier, in that other country where the millennium seems just a few steps ahead, the same process is almost certain to happen. After a few generations of Soviet commissars have gone the way of all flesh, a young Comsomol will be engaged in conversation with his grandfather about the young days of the revolution. Together they will remember—the one from books, perhaps, the other out of the dim recollections of his childhood—how once there wasn't any means of communication in Moscow except street cars with passengers crammed in to the very roofs; they will talk about the ancient years of famine, when millions of men were said to have died in a year; about the old wars long since ended. And they will look out quietly through the windows to the new world around them with a juster appreciation of it because it too has a past, a racial memory. They will break their bread in a certain way because their people have always done it so, or at least since the old days of that first Red October. And it is altogether likely that when they have finished their talk an elderly female, who used to work in the house and since old age came upon her has merely lived there, will scold the old grandfather as familiarly as Nick Dudley scolded Grandmother Weston. It is fitting that man should develop new frontiers; but in the process he is also creating a new past.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Refreshing

To the Editors of The Nation:

It is so refreshing to read such a good, honest, forthright review as the one published in your issue of January 30 under the caption of Pass the Salt, by Mary McCarthy, that I cannot refrain from commenting on it. It is a brave thing to "knock" a best-seller like "Lost Horizon" when everyone is raving about it and men like Alexander Woollcott go out of their way to herald its merit in glowing language over the radio.

Had your review appeared sooner it might have saved others, like myself, from squandering $2.50 on a book that hardly merited the time required to read it, when time is so limited for reading really good books. I wish I had my money back.

New York, January 30 C. Davidson

Benighted Sophistication

To the Editors of The Nation:

Book reviewing is so largely a matter of opinion and of taste, concerning which "non disputandum est," that I would hesitate to dispute a review at all had I not detected in one of yours a form of benighted sophistication which I should think *The Nation* would abhor.

Mary McCarthy, in your issue of January 30, disposed in one fell swoop of five best-sellers, among them "Lightship" and "Lost Horizon." I have not read the other three, but if Miss McCarthy has been as just to them as she has been to these two, then her review is truly a masterpiece of misinformation.

If Miss McCarthy had heard "Street Scene" dismissed contemptuously as a badly done murder story, or "Tobacco Road" sneered at because its frank scenes were not pretty enough to be pleasantly libidinous, I am sure she would have been as irritated as I was to read that "Lost Horizon" was a "competently written," "conventional" "adventure story," and "Lightship" a "sea story" written by one who knows that "a disaster at sea can give a reader—or a movie-goer—a sound emotional wallop." Perhaps they are not masterpieces, but to compare "Lost Horizon" to a Sax Rohmer Fu Manchu mystery is sheer inanity. It is not an adventure story. Nor is "Lightship" a sea story. Such criticism shows a total absence of appreciation of what the two books were all about. Suffice it to say that "Lost Horizon" concerns itself with a most intriguing philosophical speculation, and that "Lightship" is an interesting analysis of a phase of human behavior.

The reviewer is right in saying that they are escape novels but woefully wrong in her statement that "the action . . . is never at any time concerned with problems which are to contemporary human beings real and pressing." This indicates that benighted sophistication which provoked this letter. The reviewer would have resented the silly criticisms of the two plays mentioned above, criticisms actually overheard, because the plays were commentaries on society and its economic inequalities, but must literature necessarily concern itself with this problem to be worthy as literature?

New York, January 29 William M. Laas

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Unfair

To the Editors of The Nation:

"Shipmates," by Isabel Carter, is very unfairly treated by your reviewer in *The Nation* of January 30. As a member of a seafaring family I say it is a fine book, a story told with truth and restraint. You should have had Lincoln Colcord review it.

Orono, Maine, February 1 Albert A. Whitmore

A New Cooperative Theater

To the Editors of The Nation:

May we call the attention of *Nation* readers to the formation of a cooperative theater, the Social Repertory Theater, whose objective is the production of plays of definite social content. The Social Repertory Theater is seeking plays on social themes, preferably dealing with the contemporary American scene. It asks that playwrights send it such plays at 5 East Nineteenth Street, New York.

New York, February 1 Lee Prentis

Correction

[In our Washington Letter entitled Richberg Misinforms the President, appearing in the issue of February 6, it was incorrectly stated that Generoso Pope, publisher of *Il Progresso-Italo-Americano,* was not a member of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. We are informed that Mr. Pope's newspaper has been a member of both the A. N. P. A. and the Publishers' Association of New York City for many years.—Editors The Nation.]

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Labor and Industry

"The Industry"

By HEYWOOD BROUN

ORGANIZED labor is still following a strategy which is insufficiently candid. A. F. of L. leaders choose to say in their attacks on the policies of the national Administration that President Roosevelt is "being deceived" by Donald Richberg. It is entirely proper that many of the blows should fall upon Richberg's head. He is vulnerable and convenient and without any great personal following. It is quite possible that if sufficient pressure is maintained he may be forced out. But it is well to inquire just what would be gained by that. Not long ago labor took the position that General Johnson was deceiving the President and eventually the General gave way to Richberg. But this merely intensifies the run around. In place of a Richberg the A. F. of L. might find itself facing a Leo Wolman. It would be better to face the facts. The fact is that labor's quarrel is now and always has been with Franklin D. Roosevelt himself. Complaint against the NRA lies less against its administration than against the fundamental philosophy under which it was conceived. I ask from *The Nation* leave to print an argument made along these lines in Washington last week. I ask for this permission because I think it's a good speech and because nobody else has been willing to print it.

My name is Heywood Broun. I am speaking on behalf of the American Newspaper Guild. I understand that these public hearings are granted for discussion of employment conditions under the NRA. And I am informed that in certain industries certain boons have been granted. For instance, I read that in the automobile code, which didn't happen to get lost, it is now arranged that the employee who works more than forty-eight hours a week is to get something extra if he keeps on till seventy hours a week. But in spite of such sweeping gestures to bring about reemployment it is utterly impossible to discuss employment conditions in the newspaper code or any other without facing the fundamental fallacy on which these codes are created and the monstrous manner in which they are interpreted.

When an employer speaks of the industry—usually with bated breath—he refers only to the property rights of himself and his fellow-employers. He isn't even thinking of the rights of labor and the rights of the public if any. Into the NRA conception there has crept from time to time the word "partnership." The publishers take that to mean a partnership of the employers. Indeed, to them a code is a sort of land grant giving them complete and exclusive right to hunt, fish, and exterminate the Indians.

And that explains the most curious phrase of all—the freedom of the press. The publishers construe the freedom of the press to mean that no governmental agency has any right to compel them to do anything whatsoever. If you ask a newspaper owner to put in a rope on the fifth floor so that somebody may slide down in case of fire he may very well draw himself up and say, "How dare you interfere with the freedom of the press?" Until there is a good newspaper code there will be no good codes, because if you boil all the publishers of America down—a consummation greatly to be desired—you will find that you have in essence automobiles, textiles, steel, munitions, utilities, and all the leading industries of the country.

In this country the publishers have beaten Huey Long by many years in one idea—every man a king. Each publisher has always been a king—self-anointed. But now official ordination has followed and their cup runneth over. In fact, this holy oil of publisher authority floods the land and seeps into high places. We, the members of the American Newspaper Guild, a union of newspaper workers, begin to feel that no board, nor court, nor legislative decision, nor executive decision is fit taking home to frame until the newspaper publishers of America have had the chance to say yea or nay. Even the mighty ones in Washington turn their faces toward the West at night and murmur in great fear, "I hope Mr. Hearst is not going to object to this." Mr. Hearst did not like the decision in the Jennings case and so the Jennings case has been entombed. It will be known again and faith will live again only on that Labor Easter when all workers have combined to roll away the stone.

But it would not be just to say that the American Newspaper Publishers constitute an invisible government under which we writhe. They are very visible. On the numerous occasions upon which Howard Davis has called his cohorts into convention to threaten the government with a publisher walkout on the code, that action has been taken openly and brazenly. And it has worked. Secession is secession, but Howard Davis succeeded where Jeff Davis did not prevail.

How can it be said that newspaper men and women have the right of collective bargaining with a group which will not even consider the timid suggestions of the rulers of the NRA? The publishers have construed collective bargaining as meaning their right to say, "No! No! No! and don't bother us again." Indeed, I might say that the one gain secured by the editorial worker under the code is the privilege of hearing the boss say "No" in person instead of being compelled to read his refusal on the bulletin board. But even that slim right is in dispute. On the Newark *Ledger* L. T. Russell met the request for collective bargaining with a bulletin that sixteen of the staff would be fired for their temerity in daring to request discussion, and that after a brief vacation in Hot Springs he would fire sixteen more. We did not appeal from one publishing Philip drunk with power to any other publishing Philip. The Guild called a strike. The Guild's experience with the NRA is that mostly you lose, and if you do by any chance grab the brass ring, somebody cuts your hand off.

That has happened in other industries. Donald Richberg has a long reach. And so in speaking for the Newspaper Guild we think that we are speaking for and with all labor. We deny the neutrality of the NRA. We contend that even the President of the United States has been argued into accepting the interpretations of employers. And we will come no more to stand and wait for Donald Richberg to pass around the pottage. We say the service is something terrible and the pottage is a little worse.

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That California Dictatorship

By NORMAN MINI

Sacramento, February 4

WHY is California the most fascist state in the Union? Why did such a wave of terror break out against the workers at the end of the San Francisco general strike? Why were workers' halls destroyed, their homes broken into, hundreds of workers arrested, beaten up, injured? Why were all civil rights of the militant labor movement suppressed by well-organized vigilantes assisted by the police? Why are the agricultural workers of California today living under a virtual dictatorship?

Could all this have happened just because there was a strike in San Francisco? Other sections of the country have had even worse strikes, and no such wholesale mopping up has taken place. Were liberals and radicals surprised at what happened? From the howls of indignant protest they sent up it appears that they were; they seem to have regarded the vigilante frenzy as a spontaneous outbreak conceived during the general strike and consummated in its decline. But the repression was, as a matter of fact, the climax of a class struggle that had been maturing for over a year; and the center of the struggle was not in San Francisco at all, but in the great agricultural valleys of California.

Fantastic? Not at all. Consider the economic structure of California. These great valleys are monstrous agricultural units; and the principal income of large groups of growers and bankers—the ruling class—comes from great estates where perishable fruits and vegetables are raised for Eastern and foreign markets. Profits depend largely on the vicious exploitation of cheap transient labor for cultivation and harvest. Thousands of laborers, mostly Mexicans, swarm into the fields during the season; they work like hell for miserable wages ranging from 15 to 25 cents an hour; then they are herded out of the valleys for the winter, left to semi-starvation until the next season.

It is plain that this system does not tend to create harmony between the growers and the workers. The struggle of the agricultural "stiff" to gain some measure of recognition from his temporary bosses is one of the bloodiest incidents in American labor history. The first battle between the classes was fought out during the period of the growth of the I. W. W. For more than ten years the wobblies made the California valleys one of their principal battlegrounds. The bosses finally won that battle by using the criminal-syndicalism law, the famous Busick injunction, and a wave of terror similar to that now going on.

The second round in the series was started by a small strike of tree pruners in Vacaville in the fall of 1932, led by the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union. This first strike was broken, but that did not stop the union movement. As each crop came along—peas, lettuce, cherries, apricots—in the spring and early summer of 1933, small strikes took place. Some of these strikes were partially successful; small wage increases were won, in some places union recognition was granted. But for the most part the strikes were broken, and the leaders, the "red agitators" as the press called them, were sent to jail for vagrancy, inciting to riot, and so on. But the movement could not be checked, the union usually gained some measure of organization whether the strike was won or lost, and in every field and orchard and vineyard that summer the workers were filled with the will to organization.

The peach harvest really started things moving fast. In August, just as the peach picking was reaching its height, the pickers on the Tagus ranch, a large corporation farm near Tulare, walked out. It was a well-prepared strike. Pat Chambers, whose name was soon to become the symbol of militant union organization in the state, had worked slowly and patiently to build up a union nucleus on the great ranch. Against such a formidable walkout, the growers, the sheriffs, and the state police were slow to use the full force of their terror; they wavered just long enough to allow the strike to get well under way. Then the movement began to spread; soon the whole region was out, with the entire peach harvest south of Fresno tied up. The canning corporations, the banks, and the growers were helpless, there was nothing to do but give in, and the union won its demands completely. The news of the workers' first big victory spread north with amazing speed. Wherever peaches were being picked, workers walked out—in Merced, Modesto, Stockton, clear on up to the "peachbowl of the world," the Marysville-Chico district, almost three hundred miles from Tulare. Without organization, without any preparation, the workers struck. And in every case they won.

That was the start of the fireworks. The union became a state-wide organization; its membership grew from a few doubtful hundreds in January to around 3,000 in July, and to more than 8,000 in August. At first the growers and bankers seemed to be confused; their only defense came from the sheriff's offices and loud shouts of "red agitators" in the press. But in September, during the grape harvest, the counter-organization of employers began. In Fresno a grape strike of more than 3,000 workers was brutally crushed. At Lodi, 150 miles north, the vigilantes made their first appearance, growers resorted to mass arrests and wholesale deportations, and more than 1,100 workers were driven out of the county. But all the time the work of organizing the workers was going on. Nothing could stop it. A few victories had shown the pickers what they could do, and in each strike the workers had the tactical experience of all the previous strikes back of them.

The showdown came in cotton. In the last weeks of September, with more than 20,000 workers concentrated in the cotton fields, the union issued a call for a general strike when the demands for higher wages and union recognition were refused. Almost before the growers knew what was happening more than 18,000 pickers were out solidly on a front a hundred miles long, from Bakersfield to Merced. For over a month there was veiled civil war in the San Joaquin Valley. Armed bands of vigilantes fired on the workers' meetings and assaulted picket lines; sheriffs' deputies and state police put hundreds of militant workers in jail; two workers were killed by vigilante guns and scores

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more wounded; Pat Chambers was arrested on criminal-syndicalism charges; every paper in the state demanded that the strike be broken immediately. The pickers on their side organized mass-picketing caravans. In the regions of greatest terror they grouped together in camps guarded by well-organized defense squads. Communist organizations all over California raised funds.

The strike ended with victory for the workers. Only in a few insignificant sections did the growers succeed in crushing the pickers' resistance. Throughout the whole valley there were wage increases, and many growers signed contracts with the union. And most important of all, workers went back to the fields satisfied they had won a great victory, behind the union 100 per cent.

That victory put the union solidly on its feet. As the 1933 season ended, the membership was well over 20,000. The union's prestige was enormous. Agricultural stiffs were facing the next season more hopefully than in any year since the heyday of the I. W. W. As they went into "winter quarters" in the cities—families trying to beg a miserable existence from the charities or relief, single men on the bum, in transient concentration shelters, in the flophouses, panhandling—every worker was confident that the union would be the victor in the bigger struggles for recognition and better conditions that were inevitable in 1934. These workers had met everything the bosses could send against them—hunger, terror, mass deportations. What more had they to fear?

But it was plain to everyone that 1934 would see the class battle fought out to a decisive finish: either the union would gain full control of the workers or it would be wiped out. There was no middle course. The union leaders, mostly Communists, had taken an extremely hostile stand toward the growers from the very first: no compromise was possible to them. On the other hand, the growers, the propertied gentlemen, began to have uneasy visions of more than 300,000 cannery and agricultural workers united under revolutionary leadership, demanding decent living conditions. A great class battle was impending, and both sides knew it would be well to start preparing feverishly.

The growers lost no time. No sooner had the wave of strikes ended in the valleys than the growers, the banks, the land companies, and the great canneries started their work. Permanent organizations were formed to carry on vigilante work more efficiently in the future. An organization called Associated Farmers was started with the express purpose of carrying on patient and systematic propaganda against the union among workers and farmers and valley business men. Nearly every agricultural county passed an "anti-picketing" ordinance to help prevent future strikes. Associated Farmers began a campaign of slander, trying to paint Pat Chambers and Caroline Decker, the union secretary, as the worst kind of farm-destroying red terrorists. Nothing was left undone in the drive to safeguard future profits.

During that winter the union, while not exactly resting on its laurels, was not doing itself any good. When the picking season was ended, the workers left the valleys, leaving the union leadership with a fine paper membership of more than 20,000 and a real following of around 1,000 of the most active, class-conscious, militant workers, who had been drawn close to the Communist movement by the strike wave. In spite of the efforts of Pat Chambers, who really

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By DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

Introduction by Dr. Robert Latou Dickinson
Secretary of the National Committee on Maternal Health

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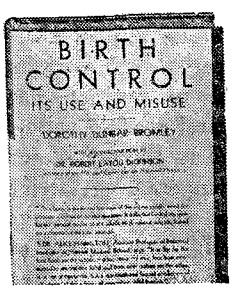

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understood the agricultural workers' problems, this active vanguard failed to organize into an efficient, disciplined body of traveling organizers who could live with the workers and become their actual leaders winter and summer. Instead, the union—controlled by the Communist Party, remember—moved in the opposite direction, setting up small local organizations in the valley towns and issuing to each local a charter with a nice gold seal. Next, it signed up its militant vanguard with the Communist Party and "siphoned over" most of them from the union into the thousand and one mass organizations—I. L. D., W. I. R., F. S. U., or Friends of the New Masses. The result was an organization that looked fine on the records of the Trade Union Unity League in New York, but whose practical value was absolutely zero.

The year 1934 was started off with a bang. In late January 3,000 lettuce pickers struck in the Imperial Valley. The growers and shippers let loose a reign of terror on them which made all previous terrors look like the merest practice. All suspected organizers were arrested. Lawyers coming into the valley to defend strikers in court were kidnapped by vigilantes and beaten up; other lawyers were sent to jail for vagrancy. The Imperial Valley "peace" officers defied federal court injunctions and broke up all workers' meetings. The strikes were crushed, but such terrible conditions prevailed that state and federal investigations were started. The reports of these investigations all concluded that it was practically impossible for workers to exercise any of their rights of organization, assembly, or free speech. The growers boldly admitted all this and promised to murder Pat Chambers and any other "agitators" that came near the valley.

The attention of all was then turned to the union, for it was clear that its reputation was endangered. A strike in the Imperial Valley was impossible at the time, as the leaders of the union understood very well. But instead of accepting the inevitable and basing their Imperial Valley campaign on the workers' rights, the union and the Communist press issued boasting statements that "not one carload of melons would leave Imperial Valley unless the demands of the workers were granted." Of course, when the melons were ripe at the end of April, the campaign of intimidation against pickers was at its height; and an unorganized strike was impossible. The union was defeated by its own words.

That was the beginning of the retreat. Sporadic strikes similar to the strikes of the preceding year started in the pea fields. But all were quickly beaten down by the organized vigilantes and highway police. The growers had learned valuable lessons from the Imperial Valley; the most extreme violence had been used against strikers there and nothing had happened. The same methods could be used wherever a strike started among the workers. Why not? In June the union made one last heroic stand: it called a strike in the apricot orchards at Brentwood, near Stockton. But strikes were no longer a problem to the growers; the forces of reaction were willing to do anything to help them. When 400 workers turned out to picket in Brentwood, deputies calmly herded the entire group into a railroad cattle pen, picked out all the leaders, and escorted most of the rest to the county line. As a result of the strike wages were reduced from 20 cents to 15 cents an hour. After that the union folded up. With it the main support of the Communist Party in California faded away. The leaders kept up a pretense of organization at the state headquarters in Sacramento, but they knew that the vast reservoir of hatred that the governor, bankers, growers, canners, and police had built up would be released at the first opportunity.

Viewed against the background of this agricultural struggle, the San Francisco affair takes on an entirely different look. The growers' offensive against the union and all radicals advanced more rapidly as union resistance weakened. When the union collapsed altogether, a savage wave of repression against Communists in the towns where they were still active became inevitable. The longshoremen's strike offered the pretext. In fact, the San Francisco Industrial Association's move to open the port, which precipitated the general strike, and Governor Merriam's red-baiting speeches, which were directed against the agricultural union more than against the stevedores, took place at the precise moment when it was most important that the union should be completely broken up—just when growers wanted to be doubly sure that Pat Chambers and Caroline Decker were not roaming around the state, just when the peach crop was ready. Probably this also explains the comparatively easy acceptance of "leadership" in the general strike by the notoriously reactionary San Francisco A. F. of L. leaders.

Today things go on in San Francisco and Los Angeles just about as they did before the general strike. Communist halls are open. Communists even make talks on the radio! In fact, the bosses are quite willing to let the reds propagandize one another—as long as they stay away from the workers!

But the valleys are quiet: the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Union is dead. During the general strike it could not call one single worker out of the fields to help the longshoremen. Its leaders, including Pat Chambers and Caroline Decker, have been in jail in Sacramento since July 20, and they are only now being tried, facing from six to eighty-four years in San Quentin. No agricultural unions are allowed anywhere in California; no meetings are held; no speeches are made; papers are sold secretly. It is criminal syndicalism even to attempt these things, and vigilantes are organized to see that no attempts are made. And that, my friends, is fascism, any way you look at it. The agricultural workers, the key to the California situation, have been defeated again. But their very slavery will force another attempt, with, we hope, better success.

Contributors to This Issue

Louis Adamic is the author of "Dynamite" and "The Native's Return."

Charles Martin is the pseudonym of an American journalist in North China.

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Norman Mini is one of the eighteen defendants in the criminal-syndicalism trials in California.

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Books, Music, Films

Hitlerism and How It Grew

A History of National Socialism. By Konrad Heiden. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50.

TO me it has always been incomprehensible that serious Germany, usually so thorough in political affairs, arrived so late and then only in a partisan, propagandist sense, at anything like an intelligent evaluation of the National Socialist movement, which was destined in a few short years to play so important and tragic a role in the life of the German people. Leaflets and propaganda material were plentiful, but as late as 1931 the student of political affairs, seeking for something which would explain this extraordinary phenomenon, found nothing by either friend or foe more fundamental than Feder's party program of twenty-five points. To some extent this may explain the failure of the German labor movement to credit its opponent with serious potentialities.

Not until the appearance in 1932 of Konrad Heiden's "Geschichte des Nationalsozialismus—Die Karriere einer Idee" was this deficiency in contemporary German literature at least partially overcome. Heiden saw the movement grow and its leader with it. Living in Munich first as a young student and later as a journalist, he attended National Socialist meetings at a time when they were not yet the reflection of a mighty movement. Out of the experiences of this period of growth, this classic history of the National Socialist idea was born. Heiden's second work, "Geburt des Dritten Reiches—Geschichte des Nationalsozialismus bis Herbst, 1933," which appeared early in 1934, showed the unfolding of the movement in the first year of its regime. Both works have now been published in translation under a single cover and are presented under the unassuming title "A History of National Socialism." A final chapter dealing with the most recent history of the Reich brings the book up to date.

The non-German reader is here given an opportunity for the first time to study the development of this peculiar movement as seen by an unprejudiced German's eye. For the conscientious student of this epochal development it is indispensable. The fundamental theoretical work on National Socialism, if such a thing is conceivable at all, has yet to be written. But as a photographic representation of the consecutive phases of the birth and growth of the movement, Heiden's work has great objective value. One appreciates the author's attitude all the more since he won his political spurs as leader of the republican students of Munich in the early post-war period and in the active fight against Nazi ideology in its early phases.

The first part of the book describes the growth of the party, the adoption of its program, the efforts of rival leaders—among them Julius Streicher, the Nazi specialist in anti-Semitism—to combat Hitler's pretensions to leadership, and the formation of the Storm Troop divisions—all with the justly celebrated thoroughness of the German historian. It traces the first stirrings of the National Socialist idea to its origins, going even farther back than the tool-maker Anton Drexler, father of the German Workers' Party and originator of the Nazi philosophy (his humble part in the creation of a new social theory performed, he dropped out of sight after a quarrel with the domineering Hitler), to those who inspired his confused and ill-digested philosophy. Peculiarly, those aspects of National Socialism which have weathered the storm of the last two years—its Aryan program, its superman philosophy, and its idea of world domination by propaganda—were derived from non-German sources. From the British Houston Stewart Chamberlain, who later married into the family of Richard Wagner, it derived its racial opinions. The Frenchman Gobineau first developed the theories on which Nietzsche built and tried to organize them into a political system. The Austrian Hitler gave it its leadership; the Balto-Russian Dr. Alfred Rosenberg its conspirative character, its tremendous propaganda apparatus, and its dreams of a world revolution. The book traces the trends of economic, social, legal, foreign, and church policy with a wealth of valuable information, always based on official and party documentary material. It makes illuminating comparisons between the original ideals and ideas of the movement and the compromises forced upon it by political facts and economic developments.

Hitler, naturally, is the hero and central figure of Heiden's ambitious work. He is described as a molder rather than an originator of ideas and opinions, as an able organizer and forceful orator whose positive qualities cannot conceal those deficiencies of character and intellect which make his rise to power so inexplicable to the average observer. Hitler's congenital opportunism, to which the author attributes the fantastic fluctuations in the domestic and foreign policies of the Third Reich, are an important theme in Heiden's delineation. Hitler rids himself of Drexler because the latter refuses to depart from the once accepted point of view. He dickers with the German Nationalists, whom he hates for their haughty disdain of a man they regard as a political upstart. He removes Otto Strasser and his followers from the party when they insist on a realization of its "socialist" demands. He murders Ernst Röhm, the creator of his private army, when the Brown Shirt chief's insistence on the privileged position of the S. A. stands in the way of an understanding with the great powers. He orders the execution of Gregor Strasser, the real organizer of the party, who resents the dominant position of industrialists in the Third Reich. He throws Gottfried Feder, the author of the Nazi program, overboard and makes Dr. Schacht, prototype of predatory capital, the dictator of Germany's economy. Is it intuition or uncanny understanding of political undercurrents that enables Hitler to navigate each dangerous shoal? Heiden does not attempt to answer.

The author is weakest in his evaluation of the events which immediately preceded Hitler's victory. He belongs among those shortsighted politicians who believed that Hitler might still have been checked just before January, 1933, if either Schleicher or Brüning had met his challenge by cooperating with the labor movement. He overlooks the fact that Schleicher's efforts in this direction were one of the important reasons for his overthrow and that every one of the great political parties preferred coalition with Hitler—at that time an unknown quantity in politics—to cooperation with the Socialist masses. In 1927-29, before the Communist Party entered on the period of rapid growth which threw the bourgeoisie into a panic of fear, a united front of democratic liberals and labor against fascism might have been conceivable—but under different leadership, for Brüning and Schleicher were so little anti-fascist that each was anxious to take Hitler into his Cabinet. By 1930 it was no longer possible to eliminate Hitler from the German scene by parliamentary machinations. There was only one alternative to fascism—a united fighting front of trade unionists, Socialists, Communists, and determined democrats ready for socialism as the only way out of the crisis.

Unfortunately for the American reader, this excellent sourcebook has suffered in the process of abridgment. To include both works in its 430 pages the translator was forced to omit much that is essential to a real understanding of the Hitler movement. He who is sufficiently familiar with the language will do well to choose the German volumes.

LUDWIG LORE

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Housing and America

Modern Housing. By Catherine Bauer. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

THIS is a book for Americans, since it is concerned with the great step in civilization that left America out. During the twenties something phenomenal was occurring in Europe. Four and a half million families were put into a new kind of home. Miss Bauer calls it the beginning of a "new physical environment." For the first time that we know of, the efforts of the finest statesmen, the best planners, the ablest architects, the biggest builders, and the most skilful financial jugglers were directed toward the houses of all the people. They succeeded with a handsome part.

All this went under the name of "housing," and Miss Bauer tells how it was done. The story is such that even the technicalities make fascinating reading. Here you find recapitulated, for example, Raymond Unwin's famous proof that even in hard cash there is "nothing gained by overcrowding." Or you may follow the astonishing results in Germany from the rediscovery of the fact that a good house like a plant is always heliotropic. Entirely new community patterns were evolved just by turning all the houses to benefit by the sun. Then there is an exposure of the trap laid by shrewd operators for sentimentalists in the fraud of "slum clearance," which results whenever and wherever applied in a brand-new future slum. Miss Bauer goes at her subject thoroughly, from many sides: the social policies, the architecture, the economics are all treated, and a critical historical introduction is supplied very similar in manner to Lewis Mumford's "Sticks and Stones." This breadth distinguishes the book from others on the subject, as does also the fact that the author is not social-workerish, which in a book on housing is an unexpected blessing.

The book does remarkably well, in fact, until it returns to the United States, toward which the entire demonstration is directed. Here it meets a stunner. Why should there be only a thimbleful of "modern housing" over here? Miss Bauer canvasses the reasons, and the gist of her findings is that we lack the European training and preparation. Meanwhile we continue some unfortunate inheritances from the frontier. This leaves the housing leaders without a following; and consequently not much can be done until the American people are brought around to present an "effective demand."

It is here that another alternative appears that has not occurred to the author. The housing leaders might do better if they would stop working for us quite so much in order to work more with us. Instead of turning us into Europeans let them try to take us as we are. Not all the American peculiarities are helpful, of course, but many have a deeper, healthier foundation than has been suspected by Miss Bauer or Mr. Lewis Mumford. No one yet has succeeded in searching the useful ones out and turning them to account; and that is a still better reason than any that Miss Bauer cites why we have so little modern American housing.

At another point the book needs to be brought into its own line. Miss Bauer makes sharp comments here and there on "capitalism," but she continues the habit of thinking in terms of "income groups," "interest," "amortization," "rent," and other similar capitalistic book-keeping terms. Now it is true that through what is loosely called "capitalism" the twentieth century is entering upon a new Dark Age. The book-keeping that guides us no longer gives any sort of account of the true resources, capacities, or aspirations of the people. It binds us hand and foot; we are as helpless in its grasp as a Negro under voodo. Soil, climate, tools, and people may all remain perfectly good, but the whole Western world goes into a five-year period of trance during which our mumbo-jumbo proves to us that despite all our resources nothing can be done. None of us may be able yet wholly to penetrate the nature of this illusion; but let us take the first steps. In proposals for "modern" shelter let us no longer rely on those "practical" dollar calculations that can only lead into the quagmire. They are at best a poor stop-gap.

These criticisms may seem remote, exercised on a very able book by a fresh writer giving the first rounded account of a great decade of modern or nearly modern shelter. But we need more than ability. We need new pioneers such as Unwin or Geddes tried in their time to be; and we need them bigger and more daring. DOUGLAS HASKELL

One More Jerusalem

Road of Ages. By Robert Nathan. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

FOR those who began and stopped with Mr. Nathan's "One More Spring," this book should lead back to "Jonah." And this would be enough were it not that Mr. Nathan deserves more than summary. Moreover, the fanfare that precedes and accompanies publication nowadays, including the accolade of the choice-of-the-next-twenty-four-hours ("Road of Ages" is one-half the February Book of the Month), imposes a responsibility on the reviewer to make distinctions clear.

Mr. Nathan is a minor novelist, that is to say, his talents are restricted but of decent quality, which is a first distinction to novelists of greater and cheaper variety. Since the question of major and minor includes degrees of depth and breadth of talent and of robustness of talent, it is incongruous to anticipate from Mr. Nathan a "Don Quixote," but it is not incorrect to speak of him in the same breath with the author either of "Lolly Willowes" or of "Le Grand Meaulnes." His gift is for fantasy, as his blurb writer says, for satiric fantasy. His world is an enchanted place, both here and not here, filled with people doing improbable things in a perfectly probable way and so by paradox pointing a satire. Because by their nature the enchantment is mild, the humor delicate, and the language lithe, the effect is limited. Yet within its circumference are wholeness and firmness, complete in their way.

Of his eleven novels three are notable. Two of these have been mentioned above. "Road of Ages" is the third. In such pieces as "The Fiddler in Barley" and "The Woodcutter's House," Mr. Nathan's greatest temptation, sentimentality, got the better of him, his measure of humor ran out, and his plots remained very ordinary plots. In his latest book his talent for mixing pathos and farce, ideals and fact, and for gently manipulating the symbolism of an old, old theme until it becomes gradually fresh again and happily contemporary is manifest. Manifest, it is true, in miniature, in the slight, pleasing, miniature whole that is his best accomplishment.

Madame Perez from the Avenue Friedland, who can read Gautier but does not know the language of Mrs. Blumenthal; the Gentile wife of Dr. Kohn; the ragged dancing chassidim from Galicia; Mr. and Mrs. Cohen from Columbus Avenue, who have only a pushcart; the shepherds with their flocks; and the messianic David are all going into exile again with the same dreams, the same humility, the same fears, the same resentment as on a hundred similar occasions. The New Jerusalem this time lies across Europe and half across Asia, somewhere in the Gobi Desert, in an unknown, unbuilt, magic future. The road is long, as the title suggests, and it follows the entire round of death and life; it is described with all the manifold subtle symbolism of class, of orthodoxy, and of liberalism that Mr. Nathan can put into it (the scene in which one rabbi rides pickaback upon the other shows his art in its neatest fusion).

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Despite the quotation at the beginning, the book is no jeremiad. To a Christian, at least, it has the simpler, sweeter exhortation of an Amos.

FLORENCE CODMAN

The Ideology of War

The Ghost of Napoleon. By Liddell Hart. Yale University Press. $2.50.

The Hundred Days. By Philip Guedalla. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

IN his little book, most of which was presented in the Lee Knowles Lectures for 1932-33 at Trinity College, Cambridge, Captain Hart develops two main themes. The one is that during the last two centuries the historical importance of military thought and its creators—in contradistinction to military action—have been signally underrated; the other, that during these two centuries, and at many other important moments during the past two thousand years as well, military ideas have changed the course of history.

Captain Hart is a professional student of warfare, a thoughtful and illuminating critic, manifestly as keen with the pen as with the sword. What he has to say concerning "the inspiration of new ideas and the introduction of new methods in military organization, strategy, and tactics" makes fascinating reading for the layman and, in all likelihood, convincing reading for the specialist. His account of the theories and methods of the great innovators—Marshal Saxe, Bourcet, Guibert, and du Teil—and of Napoleon's translation into practice, under conditions that fulfilled the requirements, of their teaching concerning mobility, organized dispersion, skirmishers, field artillery, and surprise concentration against an unbalanced enemy is a brilliant piece of expository writing. Not less convincing and more eloquent still is his grimmer story of how the nineteenth-century commentators, Jomini and Clausewitz, particularly the latter, and after them Foch and Grandmaison, distorted the great ideas of the eighteenth-century military reformers and built up a "system that wrecked Europe," that led to the mass suicide and the mutual massacre of 1914-18.

On the other hand, Captain Hart's ultimate evaluation, first, of Clausewitz's posthumous influence, especially during the frantic July days of 1914, and, secondly, of the influence of military ideas in general upon the course of history, is less persuasive. It may very well be that the philosophy of Clausewitz helped bring on the World War and that it acted as a check upon impulses to maintain peace. But as one studies the broader background of the World War, examines the memoirs of responsible civilian leaders, follows the testimony, let us say, of a Nye committee, one must remain convinced that it was not the misleading appeal of Clausewitz's philosophy that was a fundamental factor in the diplomatists' surrender to the militarists. Military thought, like patriotism, is not enough; and Captain Hart for all his forceful arguments is a special pleader, like many another, engaged in "earning his bread."

The reviewer does not for a single moment doubt that Mr. Guedalla has as much special competence in the field of military history, to which his talents are largely devoted in his charming essay, as Captain Hart has in the immensely broader field of his lectures. But the disrespectful thought occurs that if Mr. Guedalla had written part of Captain Hart's book and Captain Hart most of Mr. Guedalla's, neither work would have lost too much and both might have gained a great deal. It is one of the aims of the latter, in dealing with the period that elapsed from Napoleon's escape from Elba to the crushing defeat at Waterloo, to show that Wellington did not win the campaign solely because of the blunders of Napoleon's marshals, but that he won it on his own merits as the greatest fighting

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man of his time. To support this contention the author makes clear—that is, as clear as a very urbane and precious prose allows him to practice the lowly method of argumentation—that in yielding to his political obsession to reconquer the Belgian provinces and in fashioning the campaign that he did, Napoleon overrode "the most exacting considerations of military prudence," considerations which Wellington was very far from ignoring.

Mr. Guedalla's points are well taken, particularly his skilful and artistically disguised proof of Napoleon's *idée fixe* about the recapture of Brussels. But maintaining that Napoleon was guilty of egregious blunders at Waterloo does not alter the fact, as Mr. Guedalla feels it does, that Grouchy, Ney, and d'Erlon generously supplemented their chief's blunders and by *their* shortcomings helped make the rout possible. It seems a chauvinistic endeavor, unworthy of Mr. Guedalla's talents and attainments, to single out the Waterloo campaign for the heroization of Wellington and the denigration of Napoleon. It might be more to the point to link up Napoleon's course at Waterloo with his general and consistent defiance of "the most exacting considerations of military prudence" and to show, in Captain Hart's admirable phrase, that "the General Bonaparte applied a theory which created an empire for him. The Emperor Napoleon developed a practice which wrecked his empire."

LEO GERSHOY

Music

What Shostakovich Adds

NOT even if you belonged to "the enemy" could you, while witnessing the lively performance of Shostakovich's opera, "Lady Macbeth of Mzensk," bring yourself to deny that you were witnessing sights and sounds of a highly intelligent order. A libretto that showed its origins in the realistic novel to good advantage provided many opportunities for acting of a less remote sort than usually goes with the "music temple" of the Wagnerian tradition; and the actors responded with suppleness. The sets by Rychtarik, whose draftsmanship I remember from the old days of the *Dial,* had a gratifying architectural sturdiness. The singers were fluent, with a spontaneous coordination of voice and movement that could arise only from a firm belief in their roles. Mr. Rodzinski had trained an orchestra which, on occasion, became even sweeping in its authoritativeness. And the music itself, if not exceptional in its texture, was written with a confidence which kept a large audience constantly engrossed, for all that the richest of musical illuminations (as in the rounded song) were lacking.

The work was as topical as "Madame Bovary," and in much the same manner. And since we heard here and there the customary complaints about the intrusion of propaganda into art, and the unfeasibility of same, it might be relevant to remember that the French master of "pure art" wrote books practically all of which were redoubted at the time of their appearance for their sharp political implications. I even recall a passage in Flaubert's correspondence where we learn that a large percentage of his presentation copies went unacknowledged because, though he had become a national celebrity, bureaucratic obligations—correlating political and aesthetic alignment—made it dangerous for public figures to indorse his art lest they incidentally involve themselves in an indorsement of his social criticism. In any event, as one who is still disgruntled at the memory of how unfairly the radical critics in America treated the "aesthetic" movement when the first zest

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of political criticism was on, I was pleased to see a contemporary Soviet composer following the patterns of anti-bourgeois thought quite as Flaubert had laid them down.

To restate the plot briefly: The curtain rises upon Katerina's boredom. She is Emma Bovary, victimized by her useless position, surrounded by boors and fops, and seeking to get some better quality of living out of the flimsy materials at hand. By the course of events, her pretentious husband goes away for a time and she becomes involved in a love affair with Sergei, a self-satisfied young clerk. The orchestral version of their union, imitating with progressive rapidity a movement which, if I remember my Catullus accurately, was called *argutatio lecti,* and ending in crude trombone sighs, was received by the audience with an uproar of civilized delight. But her lewd father-in-law discovers their amour, threatens to expose her; and when he flogs Sergei, Katerina poisons him. The husband returning finds Sergei's belt in the bedroom. Sergei remains in hiding until the husband starts to beat her; he then strangles the husband; and to some very doleful music they bury him in the cellar. The body is discovered just as Sergei and Katerina are to be married (and for comic interlude here, we have a somewhat obvious ridicule of the police, who move like automata, and effective belittling of the priest during the revels of the marriage scene). The last act shows a troop of convicts on the way to imprisonment in Siberia, with Katerina and Sergei among them. Sergei has lost interest in Katerina. Pleading that his feet are sore, he so touches her sympathy that she gives him her stockings, which he promptly uses to buy the favors of the prostitute Sonetka. Katerina, in anguish, seizes Sonetka and plunges with her into cold and desolate waters (Rychtarik's stark setting has helped us to know how cold and desolate they are); and the curtain falls with the convicts softly moaning in chorus as they are ferried off into the darkness across the stream, a scene which transcends its subject and suggests hardly less than the last mournful journey of the shades beyond the Styx. Snow falling—forms fading—and subsidence.

When considering Greek tragedy I have often felt that modern drama suffers an important artistic loss because there is no justification in our society for perpetuating the conventions of the tragic chorus. The chorus could pass judgment upon the course of the drama. When the Elizabethans dispensed with it as a convention surviving solely from an alien system of religion, they still had something of its prophetic equivalent in their use of witches, soothsayers, and grave meteorological portents. And as these have gone in turn, the only formal substitute I can think of is the operatic orchestra, whereby the composer can *tonally* foresee. Wagner contrives such a process somewhat bluntly in his use of the *leit-motif,* which he can introduce reminiscently or forebodingly to accompany some apparently unrelated bit of action. But Shostakovich seems to have moved a step farther. In fact, at times he almost brings us to that Chinese way of thinking whereby the orchestra grows gay to counterbalance the plot's sorrow, and vice versa. Is Katerina in dead earnest? Then let the orchestra inject a different spirit precisely at this moment. Critics have complained of the too obvious satire in Shostakovich's use of this dualistic device; and I admit that on many occasions his resources have been too rudimentary. Yet I think there is something instinctively sounder than mere musical wisecracking behind his method, that he is not merely aiming to give his orchestra the realistic or impressionistic function of restating tonally the temporary mood of the action, but is also endowing it with a very important intellectualistic task of interpretation.

One may quarrel with his specific use of this method. One may rightly discern little that is "new" in the kinds of sound that he has assembled for our entertainment. Furthermore, I found the device confusing, particularly as I must admit that a few passages which struck me as very beautiful, in the way that the love duet of "Tristan und Isolde" might be, seem to have been written by the composer with his tongue in his cheek. (I do not consider this a very damning admission, however, since the burlesque of a manner is often but a slightly more sophisticated way of restoring the lure which that manner possesses in its own right.) But while granting the absence of "newness," and admitting that the work seems merely to consolidate technical advances made by "decadent," "bourgeois" precursors, I do hold that the opera points to a firmer kind of newness in its attempt to put forward the orchestra as independent critic of the play's action, as intellectual judge rather than mere reenforcement of mood; and I should think that this is a kind of "rational" trend which need not, like a trick, be confined to one man but could be developed by operatic composers of many different hues.

KENNETH BURKE

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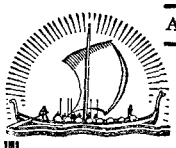

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Films

"Pictorial Journalism"

IT has long been the opinion of patient film-goers, exposed year after year to the same monotonous round of baby parades in Atlantic City, Kentucky Derbies, battleships undergoing baptism, and smiling contests by the Roosevelts, that something drastic should be done about the newsreel. Not only are the events selected for recording usually lacking in any kind of significance, but the photography is without distinction and the editing innocent of either wit or intention. It was with considerable hopefulness, therefore, that I attended the first issue of "The March of Time," which has just appeared after more than a year of experimental work on the part of its producers. According to the editors of *Time* and *Fortune,* who are responsible for the enterprise, this new feature is to bear the same relation to the ordinary newsreel that the weekly news magazine bears to the daily newspaper. It is to be designated by the somewhat high-sounding label of "pictorial journalism." Another and perhaps more important variation from the old-fashioned newsreel is its supplementing of actual shots with studio-enacted scenes wherever these are necessary for the proper interpretation of recent events.

For its initial table of contents "March of Time" has chosen a heterogeneous collection of items: a New York speakeasy before and after the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment; a back-stage glimpse of Gatti-Casazza on his last opening night as director of the Metropolitan; a small employer's test case against the NRA; the refusal of an American motorist in France to pay a fine in protest against the failure of that country to settle its war debts; and the domestic life of Prince Saionji, the last of the elder statesmen of Japan. Any criticism of this offering must of course be tempered by the consideration that it is after all an experiment, a venture in a form of journalism that has never before been attempted. Improvement of a technical sort—in photography, in montage, and in the enacting of the staged scenes—is bound to take place when the enterprise loses some of its novelty. At present the new feature is in all these departments somewhat below the level of both the ordinary newsreel and the regular Hollywood enacted film. A more fundamental query concerns itself with the question of how feasible it is, in view of the present state of the public mind, to attempt to bring a truly "interpretative" or critical attitude to the screen. Sooner or later the producers will be forced to recognize the distinction between a news magazine, like *Time* or the *Literary Digest,* and a journal of opinion, like *The Nation* or the *New Republic.* And the moment that they realize the hazards which the latter choice would involve they will undoubtedly be forced to turn out a product which is not essentially very different from the old-fashioned newsreel. The choice is clearly between bare presentation and critical interpretation of the news; and only the most sanguine optimism can persuade anyone that the great motion-picture audience is ready for the latter.

For admirers of Leslie Howard, especially for those who have recently seen him in Mr. Sherwood's "Petrified Forest" on the New York stage, "The Scarlet Pimpernel" (Radio City Music Hall) will justify itself as providing the richest role that he has yet been assigned on the screen. Based on the Baroness Orczy's none too credible account of a band of young Englishmen who devoted themselves to rescuing French noblemen from the guillotine during the Terror, this newest importation from the British studios is certain to displease the historically informed spectator who does not feel that Robespierre was a butcher or that the common people were a pack of depraved animals. Nor will the shameless appropriation of certain theatrical effects from earlier dramas—the knitting women by the guillotine out of "Tale of Two Cities," the episode of the Prince Regent and the tailor out of "Beau Brummel," and the recitation of the celebrated "this England" speech from "Henry V"—add much to one's enjoyment. But on the other hand the film is well directed; it has been elegantly mounted by Alexander Korda; and the eighteenth-century backgrounds are rendered with a miraculous rightness of details and effect. Mr. Howard, as the English nobleman who disguises himself as a loquacious fop in order to distract attention from his expeditions in behalf of the condemned French aristocracy, has the kind of role which is a test for any actor, the kind of fourth-dimensional role, if the term may be used, in which the actor is required to play a part within a part. And his success confirms the belief that he is one of the few players on stage or screen who possess the sort of detachment toward their materials which is the mark of the authentic artist.

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Joseph Wood Krutch will resume his drama column in the next issue

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